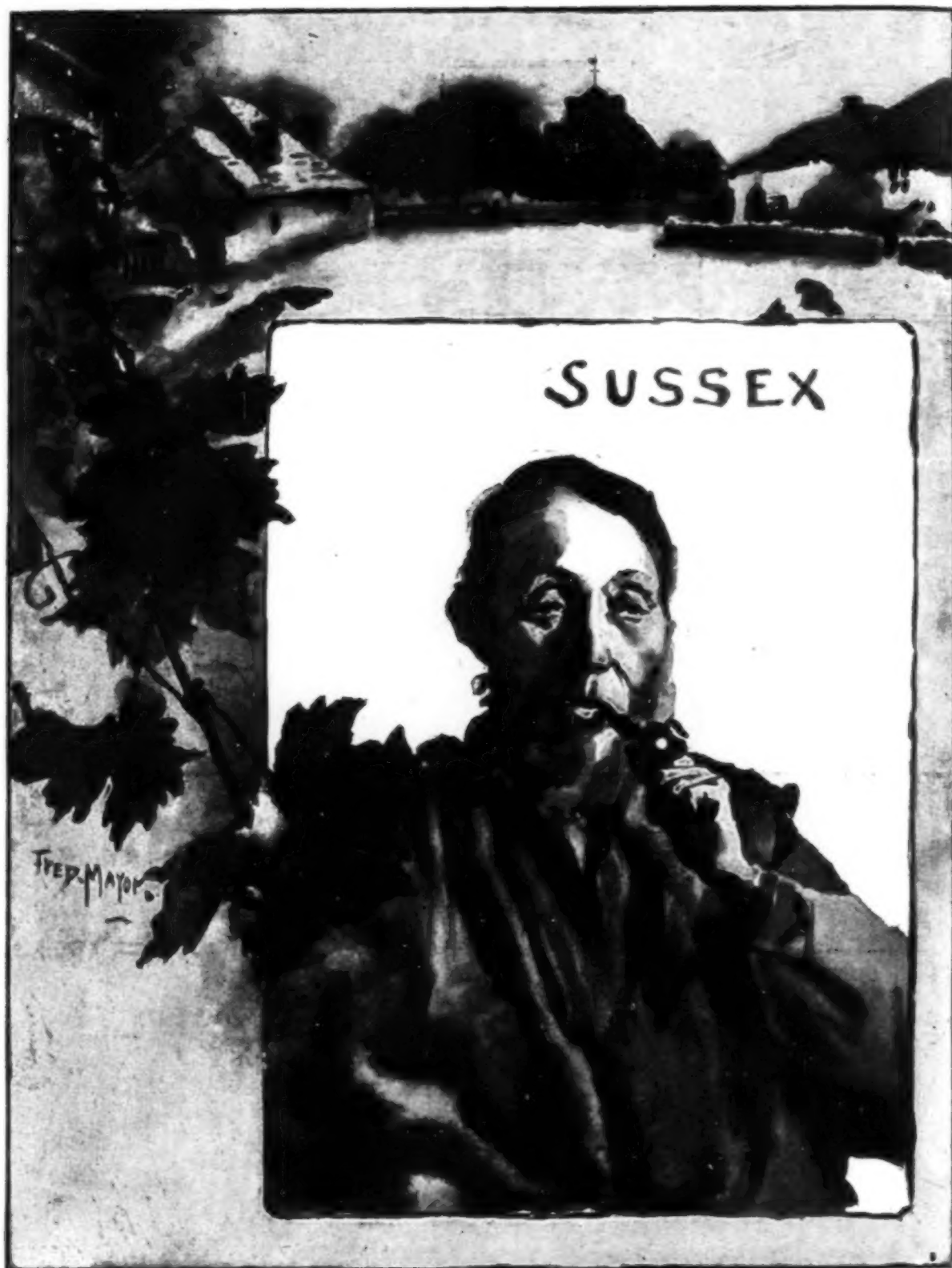




BEAUTY AND THE BEAST



THE HOME COUNTIES.—II. SUSSEX

DRAWN BY FRED MAYOR

# CAPTAIN JACOBUS.

Certain passages from the Memoirs of ANTHONY LANGFORD Gentleman: containing a particular account of his Adventures with CAPTAIN JACOBUS the Notorious Cavalier Highwayman: of his connection with the PENRUDDOCK Plot in the time of the Commonwealth and of his surprising Adventures and singular turns of Fortune that befell him in the course of these relations. Written by Himself and now newly set forth By L. Cope Cornford.

ILLUSTRATED BY ENOCH WARD

## SUMMARY.

Anthony Langford, being compelled to flee his home near Salisbury by the machinations of one, Manning, an unsuccessful rival in love, joins Captain Jacobus, a Royalist conspirator, who has warned him. Nick Armorer, lieutenant of Jacobus, lies a prisoner in London for stealing the mails. The two companions set out to rescue him. In Winchester they come on Cromwell, and Jacobus makes a mad and unsuccessful attempt to stop his coach and rob him. At Farnham they fall in at their inn with two beautiful ladies who bid them to supper and entreat them very kindly, for the King's

sake. The next day they ride on to Guildford, rescuing the two ladies, who have preceded them, from the hands of a highwayman. They sleep that night at the Globe Tavern, in Fleet Street. Nick Armorer lies in Newgate, and is to die at once. Jacobus, however, manages to drug the Bellman of St. Sepulchre's—an official who goes beneath the condemned cell on the last night of a prisoner's life and warns him to repent—personates him, and so hands to Armorer the means of making his escape. He also arranges for the procuring of £1,000 from the Commonwealth by means of a forged draft. Notwithstanding the subsequent treachery of their entertainers these plans come to a successful issue, and Jacobus and his friend ride off to interview the Earl of Rochester at his lodging in Whitehall, there to hand over the spoil. It is now necessary that someone shall take mails to the King, and Anthony Langford crosses to Flushing. He is there instructed to return and meet Jacobus at Lyme Regis, and go with him to Salisbury. He meets him, and they ride to Salisbury, now in the hands of the Royalists. But it is recaptured, and the Royalists mostly imprisoned. Barbara, Langford's sweetheart, proposes that they shall emigrate to Virginia and buy an estate.

## CHAPTER XVI.

THE EIGHTEENTH OF APRIL.

ASTROLOGERS have told us that the destinies of men are interwoven with the courses of the stars: a thing at once difficult to believe, and hard to disbelieve. Certainly there have been fateful times and days, whose

recurrence has been rare as the slow unalterable revolution of the zodiac. Even Cromwell himself, who was so firmly persuaded—in his more perfervid moments—that he was no more than the tool of a lively and interfering Providence, wrought all his greatest deeds on his lucky date of the third of September: whereon also he was born, and whereon he died.

In the same manner, it seemed to me that the eighteenth of April was certainly charged with evil significations. 'Twas the date King Charles had first fixed for the Penruddock rising: and his messenger, baffled by wind and wave, only arrived in time to disorder all arrangements. Now, upon that very day, the leader of the insurrection and the most of his party were put on trial of their life. And in my own case, no sooner had my wedding been devised for the same day, than dire misfortune fell upon me, and at the time I should have stood at the altar rails—I scarce could think of it—there was I wedged cheek by jowl with that wild freebooter, Jacobus, in the dense crowd that packed to bursting the Guildhall at Exeter.

The Guildhall was an arched chamber, great and wide: the brackets at the springing of the arches were carved into caryatides from the bestiaries: and at intervals along the cornice were stuck painted armorial shields. Across the upper end ran the dais, where Judge Nicholas, in scarlet and ermine, sat in his great chair to judge the men who had but yesterday spared his life—for Nicholas had been the fellow of Chief Justice Rolles at Salisbury. On either side of him were seated some gentlemen of the county, among whom was Steel, the Recorder. Below, upon the counsels' benches, between the dais and the prisoners' dock, sat Attorney-General Prideaux and Sergeant Glyn. In the dock stood Sir John Penruddock and twenty or thirty of his following, among whom I recognised some of my own men, labourers on my estate.

The commission of oyer and terminer having been read, and the usual formalities concluded, the Attorney-General stood up to read the indictment of high treason. The prisoners were then asked to plead guilty or not guilty. Whereupon Penruddock, who was spokesman throughout, disputed the legality of the indictment itself, and demanded counsel

to conduct his case. This request was refused him, and he was again required to plead, on pain of having sentence passed then and there. "If I plead, shall I have counsel allowed me?" asked Penruddock. "The Court makes no bargains," returned the Attorney-General. The rest of the prisoners here persuaded Penruddock to plead not guilty: which he did, and again demanded counsel, which was again refused him.

"Sir," said Penruddock, "*durus est hic sernio*, 'tis no more than I expected from you: but rather than I will be taken off unheard, I will make my own defence as well as I can."

We also had come with sad enough expectations; they began to be confirmed; and thenceforward throughout the whole five hours occupied by the trial we endured the spectacle of a brave man foredoomed, but fighting to the last.

The jurors were then called: there were five-and-thirty of them; out of whom Penruddock challenged twenty-four. Thus the jury entered their gallery a man short: and it was characteristic of the whole proceedings, that the irregularity was considered too trifling to remark upon. All the prisoners except Penruddock were then marched out, leaving the Colonel to take his trial alone. The jurors being sworn, the indictment was read out once more, and Penruddock was asked if he had any exceptions to make, whereupon he repeated his former plea, that the prosecution was illegal *in toto composito*. This was his impregnable defence throughout: "Just as his sacred majesty Charles First confronted the regicides with the unanswerable proposition that there was no law in existence under which he, the King, might be arraigned, there can be no treason against a protector," said Penruddock. The validity of the plea was again denied by Recorder Steel, who was moved by sheer malice to take part in the case, for his legal status did not entitle him to address the prisoner: and Serjeant Glyn, a tall, sharp-faced man, with slanting eyebrows, rose, and said; "Sir, you are peremptory, you strike at the Government: you will fare never a whit the better for this speech: speak as to any particular exception you have to this indictment."

Penruddock replied that the enactments concerning high treason referred



to the King, for whom, and not against whom, he had acted : if there were any statute authorising his indictment, he requested to have it read. The Attorney-General answered that Penruddock had not behaved himself in such a manner as to incline the Court to grant favours. At that, Penruddock demanded it as his right : and upon this being refused him, renewed his request on behalf of the jury.

"Sir, the jury ought to be satisfied with what hath been already said, and so might you too," said the Attorney-General.

"Sir, I thank you," returned Penruddock, "you now tell me what I must trust to;" and indeed, it was plain enough.

The Attorney-General, a dark, bullying fellow with a red curved nose, then made a large speech, aggravating the offence, falsely stating that Penruddock had been four years in France, when he held a correspondence with the King his master, whom Mr. Prideaux sacrilegiously described as a debauched, lewd young man : that Penruddock had endeavoured to engage the nation in another bloody war : and that if he had not been timely prevented, he had thus destroyed the jurors and their whole families. At this point the prisoner interrupted the glib counsel for the Government.

"Mr. Attorney," said he, "you have been heretofore of counsel for me : you then made my case better than indeed it was. I see you have the faculty to make men to believe falsehoods to be truth, too."

"Sir," retorted Prideaux, truculently, "you interrupt me : you said but now you were a gentleman!"

"I have been thought worthy heretofore to sit on the bench, though now I am at the bar," returned Penruddock ; and allowed the Attorney-General to complete his bitter, nonsensical speech, and to call witnesses.

Then Penruddock spoke again.

"Sir, you have put me in a bear's skin, now you will bait me with a witness." He turned half round, scanning the faces of the silent crowd in the body of the Court ; then, raising his arm with a sudden, imperious gesture, Penruddock cried out in a great voice : "But I see the face of a gentleman here in Court—I mean Captain Crook—whose

conscience can tell him that I had articles from him which ought to have kept me from hence!"

A little to the left of where we were sitting, Crook rose in his place : a huge, heavy-shouldered, black-avized man, his face went the colour of clay, and his glass-green eyes glistened like a cat's eyes in the dark as he stared at his accuser. Every head craned to look at him : there was a rustle and motion as those behind stood up—then, for a full minute, a breathing silence. Penruddock leaned back against the rail of the dock, his dark face frowning and smiling at the forsworn Captain of Dragoons, who stood dumb as a beast before him. Twice Crook essayed to speak : then he put his hand to his throat and sat down without uttering a word. A murmur went up from the people as Penruddock turned his shoulder and looked at Judge Nicholas. He had won his case in that moment, had not the jury been packed, and had not Cromwell sent down his lawyers with orders to hang the malignants. But the craven judge held down his head over his notes. When Penruddock appealed to him he answered never a word. 'Twas a pitiful exhibition : a straw mammet would have administered as much justice, with infinitely more dignity.

Jacobus, at my side, crossed over his right hand and clasped the hilt of his rapier, bowing forward a moment : then he sat upright again with a composed countenance. Some days afterwards I asked him what it was he did, and Jacobus told me that he then took an oath upon the Holy Iron, swearing by God and the Mother of God to slay Crook before the week was out. Most persons, I suppose, would have been content to make a quiet resolution to cut the Captain's throat at a good opportunity without this splendid formality : but Jacobus liked to order his little affairs with all the pomp attainable.

The Attorney-General then called, as witness, Dove, the lachrymose Sheriff of Salisbury, who did no more than complain that Penruddock's men had handled him with violence, one of them "running him through the side with a carabine"—an impossible feat. Other witnesses having been called, some of whose evidence went against the prosecution, proving that Penruddock, besides pro-



"WE RAN LIKE HARES, DOUBLING AND TWISTING BACK TO OUR INN"

claiming the King, had likewise proclaimed the Protestant religion and privilege of Parliaments, the Attorney-General made a second speech, in which he directed the jury to bring in the prisoner guilty.

Penruddock then began to address the jury in his own defence: if Captain Crook, said he, had never promised him pardon in exchange for his surrender—upon which supposition the Court was proceeding—why had Crook, in Penruddock's presence, recounted the circum-

stance to his commanding officer, Major Butler of Salisbury: adding that he had refused money offered him by Penruddock to fulfil his conditions. For Penruddock, finding Captain Crook unsteady and mercenary, had proffered him a bribe of five hundred pounds: which was doubtless what Crook had at first intended he should do: but in the event, found it more profitable to forego. Immediately upon his refusal, some of the troopers, having gotten wind of the affair, mutinied, and were disbanded

"for defending these conditions of ours," said Penruddock. "But let that pass, and henceforward, instead of life, liberty and estate, which were the articles agreed upon, let drawing, hanging and quartering bear the denomination of Captain Crook's articles!"

There was a brief noise of applause at the back of the Court: and turning, we perceived it arose from a knot of red-coated troopers, doubtless the honest soldiers in question. Penruddock then went on to enlarge upon his original plea with an excellent eloquence.

"There can be no treason but against the King, the law knows no such person as a Protector. Gentlemen, look upon me, I am the image of my Creator, and that stamp of His which is in my visage is not to be defaced without an account given wherefore it was. . . . The law which I am now tried by is no law, but what is cut out by the point of a rebellious sword: and the sheets in which they are recorded, being varnished with the moisture of an eloquent tongue, if you look not well to't, may chance to serve for some of your shrouds. . . . You can, at most, make but a riot of this," he concluded. "Consider of it, and the Lord direct you for the best."

The jury then left the court: soon after they were gone, the great clock of the cathedral chimed three-quarters past four, and, after an interval incredibly tedious, they entered again as it tolled five, and gave the verdict, Guilty.

"The Lord forgive you," said Sir John Penruddock, solemnly, "for you know not what you do."

The mockery was over: all rose to leave the court. It is matter of history how that on the Monday following Sergeant Glyn sentenced almost all the prisoners to death: that some were afterwards reprieved and sold in Barbadoes, while three or four were acquitted: and how Sir John Penruddock and Sir Hugh Grove were beheaded at Exeter on May 16th following.

Jacobus and I pressed through the dispersing crowd, and about half way down the High Street fell into step one on either side of Captain Crook. Jacobus rounded him in the ear.

"Crook, y'are a damned villain," said he, in a low voice. "Do not raise your voice nor attempt to escape, or we will stab you out of hand. I challenge you to a fair duello. I have no time for

punctilios and preliminaries, nor, I take leave to say, are you so much the gentleman as to stand upon so much ceremony. Settle your weapons here, and now, and appoint a place of meeting for to-night or to-morrow betimes."

Crook turned a dusky visage quickly upon us: but, perceiving that resistance was dangerous, he merely quickened his pace.

"What the devil is this insolence," he demanded. "And who are ye?"

"That is nothing to the purpose, quoth Jacobus. "'Tis sufficient for you to know that I am a man that hath taken a fancy to fight you, will-ye, nill-ye."

"Am I to take up the quarrel of every common stabber? I would have you to know I fight but with gentlemen, sir," said Crook.

"Y'are but a poor liar," returned Jacobus. "Ye trepan honest gentlemen to their death with your bloody treacheries and false articles. Y'are more forsworn than any pitiful shilling perjurer at Westminster, Crook of Woodstock. Come, sirrah, I have no time to waste upon such dogs as you! Where shall I soil my sword with your vitals? What spot of earth shall I defile with your blood?"

The man was quivering with rage: but it would have required a brave man to free himself from two such assailants: and Crook, I take it, was a coward in grain.

"I will not answer you," said he, with a great assumption of dignity. "Ye may send me a cartel, an ye will, as one gentleman to another, to my quarters at Rougemont yonder; or ye two foot-pads may come seek me, and since y'are so fain ye may try conclusions with the whole corporal's guard. 'Tis my last word."

"Why, very well," returned Jacobus, indifferently. "Go and hide in thy castle. 'Tis pity your great general Fairfax broke the portcullis in his godly zeal; you should ha' slept the sounder else."

We had reached the foot of the long hill at the top of which stands the ruined Castle of Rougemont, where, however, there was still accomodation for Captain Crook and a corporal's guard. Jacobus stopped, whereupon Crook set off at a very lively pace of walk. We walked slowly across the road to a side street, but no sooner were we round the corner than we ran like hares, doubling and



twisting back to our inn. "For," said Jacobus, "no sooner is our gentleman in his castle than he will send his soldadoes to catch us." But if he did, we saw nothing of them.

"Ye will ride to-morrow betimes, of course, Anthony," said Jacobus, as we sat gloomily over our wine that evening. "There is no more for you to do here. The play is played out."

"Why, what are you going to do?" I inquired.

"I have my affair with Crook to settle," replied Jacobus. "But that is a piece of business I can best perform alone."

"For how many men do you take yourself?" I said. "Crook will never go out wanting half-a-dozen dragoons at his heels. Are you going to carry Rouge-mont Castle by yourself?"

Jacobus was plainly nonplussed: and for my part I could not imagine how the two of us were to accomplish his purpose, much less how he could perform it by himself. For that Crook would not fight was certain.

"For God's sake," cried Jacobus, angrily, "go and get married, and leave me to mind my business."

"If I have a mind to stay to this city," I returned, "it is not you who shall hinder me. I take an interest in its scenery and the curiosities. Come! I am not going. Now we can debate with a quiet mind. It appears to me that y'have proposed the impossible. But I raise no exceptions, not I."

The Captain looked at me from under his brows, pulled his mustachios, and lapsed into silence.

"Without a mighty hard push for't, we shall be no more than accessory to our own ruin," he went on, presently. "After the mortification we put upon the excellent Crook, he will be raising the devil's own hue-and-cry after us: the town constable will be set upon our track: and Crook himself, belike, is even now searching the streets with a lanthorn, like the heathen philosopher of the ancients, and with a handful of dragoons to help him. We are caught in a trap: 'tis two against a city, and the odds strike me as cruel disproportionate."

"Well, we have no time to recruit a regiment," I said. "Before the bottle is out Crook may be bursting the doors upon us," and an ugly presage flitted across my mind. I saw the row of the condemned on Tyburn Hill, writhing in the noose, while the hangman, aloft on the crossbar, stamped on their shoulders, until, one by one, they dangled motionless and limp.

"I could do with less than a regiment," said Jacobus. "Give me but a file of Haslerigg's Lobsters, or Lunsford's Horse, and I would sweep the streefs with Crook's dragoons, 'twixt prime and noonsong. By God!" he cried, slapping his hand on the table, "I have it! The disbanded troopers! Y'heard what Penruddock said in Court."

"What then?" I asked: and Jacobus proceeded to expound a project. 'Twas but a desperate chance, but we were driven to such a pinch that we took speedy resolution upon it.

"Once more, Anthony," said Jacobus, rising to buckle on sword and pistols, "I ask you, a' God's name, to take horse and get you gone. Y'are merely foolish to remain: 'tis no more than the indulgence of a freak, when all's said. As for vengeance, until Noll and the regicides are drawn quick and hanged, there can be no useful vengeance. For me, I set not my life at a groat's value, save for the pleasurable excitement of risking it. But here are you, with a sweetheart awaiting you, and a long life afore ye: 'tis murdering posterity to fling it away. And conceive with what face I should carry tidings of your death to fair Mrs. Barbara! No, no; take horse and be wise, Anthony."

"Were she here, she would bid me go with you," I answered.

"I would not make too sure of that, neither," said Jacobus, with a grin: and although my sentiment had the right sound to't, upon a second consideration I had my doubts also.

"Well, I am not going, at any rate, as I said before," quoth I.

The Captain, seeing that my mind was set, desisted from further argument: and, armed and muffled, we set forth to discover the disbanded troopers.



"STAND ASIDE!"



## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE LAST NOTCH ON THE SCORE.

WE must have visited a round dozen of alehouses without finding the men we sought: passing from the windy and dark streets into the bright tap-rooms, where a crew of mechanics and 'prentices loudly debated the day's events over pipe and ale-cup. The tavern-talk ran always down the same gutter: hatred of the Protector's bloody army, and the Protector's bloody scriveners: and at the same time, condemnation of Penruddock for attempting to upset the orderly state of the country, under which trade so prospered.

"The cowardly shop-folk!" said Jacobus, "They would see every yeoman and gentleman in the country put to death before they stirred a finger, unless their money-bags were in danger. Comes me your Puritan, with pike and shot, bellowing religion; and straightway, by your leave, they are all good Puritans: and you shall see, when the King returns, they will be lighting bonfires in every street for pure joy: and Geneva gown and bands may pack to sour Scotland, where they be ever welcome."

As he spoke, we entered an alehouse in a by-street: and spying through an open door that led from the tap-room into a little parlour beyond, a group of men in scarlet seated round a table, we went in upon them.

Sure enough, there were three of the troopers we had observed in the Court-house: one, a great ox of a man, with a brick-red countenance, purple-jowled with shaving: another, stalwart and long-limbed, with a dark eye as alert as a fowl's: and the third, a lean man with a great hooked nose, a brown goat's-beard, and something of a fanatical air.

"God save you and all of us," said Jacobus. "Are ye of Captain Crook's company—mine old acquaintance, Bully Crook?"

The Captain spoke with a kind of patient heartiness: he had assumed, in a twinkling, the voice and manner proper to the part he was to play: that of a peaceable, quiet country gentleman, living for his crops and his beeves, yet meekly willing, at a word, to sacrifice all for friendship's sake.

"Once upon a time, but now no longer so," quoth the big trooper, in deep

rumbling tones, slapping his pewter ale-pot upside down.

"What!" cried Jacobus, lighting up like a candle. "Are ye then among those noble hearts of whom Sir John Penruddock did speak in Court to-day? who for conscience sake did risk a halter: who rather chose the reproach of Egypt than the praise of iniquity?"

"That was it," said the dark-eyed man, in a dry voice, looking at us with a face of wood.

"Landlord," cried Jacobus, kindling into a sort of gentle ecstasy, "a jack of ale for these gentlemen. I am proud to make your acquaintance, friends; I would have you to shake my hand. Right so! When I said the damned Crook was mine acquaintance you must not take it he was ever my friend. No, no. For truly he is mine enemy. See now, sirs, what a fortunate conjunction is here! Behold how the hand of God bringeth honest men together at a pinch! Although I am of the contrary party, I say so: y'are honest men, and I care not to cloak my principles, for have I not gotten me religion? The King, say I, for God surely made him; but bishops, away with them! Give me your bishop and I will spit in his face. But let that pass. What have I to do with Crook, or he with me, saith a'? Why now, I will tell you. Heard ye what Penruddock said in his speech how that Crook, after refusing monies proffered him to carry out his articles, put a pistol to Penruddock's head and threatened to shoot him; did not the noble Colonel promise to betray a certain Royalist into his clutches? But noble Sir John stood fast; and word was brought to me of the incident—for I was the Royalist in question, friends all, and for that I am well-to-do, did Crook covet to get me in his clutches. Ay, I have monies; the Lord hath prospered me; why should I deny it?" and Jacobus, with a simple, smiling, open countenance, slapped his pockets till the coins jingled. The men had taken their pipes in their hands and were regarding him with grave attention.

"And what dost here, sir, in the very tents o' the Amalekites, as a man may say?" growled the big trooper.

"Canst ask?" returned Jacobus, "when

mine old friend and comrade John Penruddock standeth in peril of his life." The Captain's voice declined upon a sob, and he brushed his sleeve across his eyes. "'Tis but little I may do, belike, but here I stand upon the chance of it, in spite of the devil Crook. He did espy me to-day, and would have taken and laid me in ward, but that he had no soldiers with him: yet he threatened me, and me seemeth 'tis very like I shall presently figure in the dock cheek by jowl with the rebels—I, John Blechynden, than whom the Lord Protector hath no more peaceable subject—and my nephew here beside me"—Jacobus put his hand on my shoulder—"in the very blossom and May-day of his youth, all that Crook may dip his dirty hand in my coffers. For we will not leave poor Penruddock while we may render him the least particle of service. What! Are we not his friends? Hath he not hazarded his life for us?" and a freshet of emotion again overwhelmed this noble spirit.

The troopers seemed somewhat at a loss; they stared at us in silence; when the big trooper's glance, wandering for a moment, lit on the black-jack, and filling his cup from it he passed it on.

"Your excellent good health, sirs," said he; the others followed him, and we drank to them in turn, after which we seemed to stand upon a better footing of understanding.

"Had I but half-a-score tall men such as you at my back," quoth Jacobus, "I would not care for vermin such as Crook that much," and he snapped his fingers and leaned back smiling.

The three men exchanged glances, and the fanatical-looking trooper clasped his bony hands loosely before him on the table, opened wide his great, pale-blue eyes and, gazing into vacancy, began to speak. His comrades watched him with an evident admiration.

"For lifting ourselves into your service, sir, to deal plainly with you, 'tis mainly a matter of wages. Doth God take care for oxen? Yea, truly, as saith Holy Writ, yet until His kingdom on earth be established, His saints must still shift for themselves. For that you look for a king, excellent sir; you're so far in the right, so do we; y'are but wrong in that ye fix your hopes on the Young Man Charles, who is but a lewd person, a notorious evil liver, whom may

God confound. Yea, verily, there is but one Reign to look for—the Reign of the saints on earth, the thousand years of triumph, the Fifth Monarchy, the absolute dominion of God!" He spread his arms abroad and his voice rose. "Pope and Kaiser, priest and king, shall bow down, bow down, shall crouch and fawn beneath the iron rod. Corruption and darkness shall flee away, and the whole earth shall be clothed in the light of the morning. The noise of wars shall be utterly silenced, and the crying of the poor and needy be no more heard in the land. The strongholds and high places of cruelty shall be laid even with the dust, and grass shall grow upon their battlements. To bring these things to pass we labour mightily; we take the sword, we lie dogging at our prayers until our eyes be dim; we serve mammon for righteousness sake. Yea, for this did we not choose to serve under Crook, and did he not cajole us with lying promises, saying that he himself was a Fifth Monarchy man, and that he used his commission but as a means to hasten the coming of the kingdom, hoping without doubt to cut out some deal of wealth for himself by means of our swords? 'Twas naught to us whether the malignant Penruddock lived or died; but there were monies to be gotten from him. He did offer Crook five hundred pounds for liberty, yet did Crook start aside like a broken bow, preferring the favour of Cromwell before the glory of the Lord. Wherefore did we admonish this glazing Judas, using great plainness of speech in the matter, but he, being stiff-necked and utterly delivered to Satan, broke out into a mighty heat of anger, commanding our dismissal. How long, O Lord!" The preacher twisted his fingers in his beard, turning up his eyes. "Silver and gold must go to the foundations of the city of the kingdom," he went on, in a high monotone. "Her walls shall be of precious stones, and her tower of rubies. The wise and learned shall dwell therein; to them shall come all the nations of the earth for wisdom. But we be unlearned and ignorant men, fit only to wield the sword; what can do save hew therewith the corner-stones for the habitations of the just? . . . Pay us, therefore, and we will serve you, even as the builders of the Temple wrought with sword on hip."

The man paused and wiped his forehead, for he had been speaking with a

vehemence that made the glasses ring. In the momentary silence that followed there came a clatter of hoofs and jingling of bridles in the street, and we heard the outer door flung open.

Jacobus leaped to his feet. "Crook, by God!" he cried. The big trooper heaved himself up and opened the door as the latch clicked. Jacobus and I whipped against the wall, whence we could espy Crook through the crack of the door.

"What, Gilvy!" said he. "Stand aside, sirrah! stand aside! or I will put a bullet in your head. I am about searching the house."

Gilvy, who was girt with a great broadsword, drew it with such suddenness that Crook leapt back a pace to avoid a blow.

"Out o' this, Beelzebub!" thundered the trooper, "or, by the Twelve Tribes of Israel, I will chop you into gobbets! Y'are no better than a dead man, Crook! Call your men!" he bellowed; "call 'em in man, and see if they will draw sword on brethren-in-the-Lord."

We heard the outer door clap, and the trample of retreating hoofs. Gilvy rolled in again, shutting the door upon the astonished folk in the tap-room, filled his tankard, drank it off, and regarded the Captain with a grin.

"How now?" said he.

"S'blood!" said Jacobus, "mighty well done!"—and taking out a fistful of coin, he bestowed it on Gilvy; and spreading a handful of gold pieces on the table, "Handsel," said he, "a crown\* a day for every day I remain in Exeter, and a Jacobus each at parting, to serve me as bodyguard. What say you? Shall we strike a bargain?"

The country gentleman, having served his turn, had vanished in a twinkling: and Jacobus, himself again—upright, alert, with a valiant eye and the port of a commander, stood in his place. The men stiffened to attention as if upon parade, and saluted.

"Why, very well," said Jacobus. "Let me know your names."

The preacher gave his name as Robert Warrenwell, the burly Gilvy was christened Joshua, while the third man was known as Shillard the Rider. The Captain ordered them to hire horses (Shillard, it seemed, possessed a nag of

his own), and to present themselves at our inn at nine of the clock the next morning.

When we returned thither we found the lights out, the shutters up, and the door barred; but, upon knocking, the landlord himself opened instantly to us. After locking and bolting the door again with the most particular care, he took the candle in his shaking hand, and surveyed us. The hoary, fat old man looked as though he had seen a spirit: his lips were trembling, his cheeks fallen in, and his eyes wild.

"What the devil ails the man?" asked Jacobus.

"Zurs, zurs," said the innkeeper, "who be ye to bring a old, honest man's house into disrepute, and his life into danger. 'Twas ill done, zurs, 'twas ill done. I had sooner than forty pounds I had never set eyes on ye. Lifelikins! Have I lived through the civil broil to be hanged on account of two bloody, rebellious cavaliers?" he wailed.

"Come, come, sirrah, keep a civil tongue, and explain matters," said Jacobus, sitting down on the table.

"Explain! 'Tis for you to explain, I'd think," returned the old man, querulously. "No zooner do you be gone out o' house to-night, than a half-a-company o' dragoons or thereabout cometh linking o' horsebarck down street, and a' stampeth in, and arxes for landlord. 'I be he,' says I, whereon Captain putteth pistol to my head, and saith he, 'Hast a couple o' Cavaliers lodging here?' says he; 'Tis a hanging matter, I warn ye,' says he, 'for they be two bloody conspirators against Government.' 'Sworns, not I,' I says. 'Whutt be laike, then,' I arxed him. 'A middle-zized man wi' a long nose and a devilish countenance,' a' saith, 'and a girt young man above sax feet o' stature, wi' a red face, and no be-ard,' says he. 'Swouns, Captain,' I says, 'I do believe that two zuch did coom in to drink a toss o' Hollands about five o' th' clock, and out again,' says I. 'Which wai did they goo,' asked he. 'I marked them not,' I zed, whereat he cursed me up and down, and trampled all over houze, he and his soldiers. 'If y'ave lied, a' saith, 'you shall swing for't, by God. Give me a cup of Rhenish,' and a' drank it down, and went way, and never paid a groat. Zurs, get, you gone, I d' beg and pray of ye, and the Lord for-

\* The regulation pay of a trooper was two shillings per diem.

give ye that ye ever coom anigh a old man as never did ye any harm."

"What, man!" cried Jacobus, "pluck up heart. Y'are not hanged yet, nor never will be, I'll wager. Y' have done the best day's work as ever in your life: y' have saved the lives of two o' the King his Majesty's most precious subjects, and ye shall not lose by that. Content you: we will ride betimes to-morrow. Now reckon up the score, and set a price on thy alarums."

Something pacified, the innkeeper ciphered out the score in chalk upon the panelling: and Jacobus (who must have made mighty profitable use of his time during my absence over seas) paid him double.

"God save you," said our host, completely consoled and beaming. "By 'r Lady, y'are two of the prettiest civil gentlemen as ever I served o' my life. Hark ye, zurs," said he, creasing his face into innumerable wrinkles, "I would, wi' all my heart, the King, God bless him, were to home again, and the bloody Army and their General at the black devil. Zed I to Captain, 'Swouns, not I,' I says." And the old man was taken with a fit of chuckling: and going upstairs ahead of us to light us to our chamber, he kept repeating with an infinite zest, fragments of his momentous conversation with the baffled Crook. "Hast a couple o' bloody Cavaliers lodging here?" asked he. "Swouns, not I," I says. And when our host closed the door behind him, we could hear him chuckling still as he stumped down the passage.

The morrow was to bring forth the last of my adventures with Jacobus: a final pitch of the dice with Fortune. Before the sun set we should have cut ourselves free of the coils of conspiracy,



"HE HAD WHEELED HIS HORSE, AND WAS STILL GAZING AFTER US"

or another's sword should have freed us entirely from earthly doings. The thought of it ran in my dreams all night, with a clash and sparkle of swords, and now the balance dipt one way and now another. Once, Jacobus and I, our enemy slain behind us, and trouble at an end, would be riding swiftly through the mellow dark towards a golden dawning: and again I would be smitten with a sharp stroke, taste the agony of death,



and be suddenly fulfilled with the despair of loss irrevocable.

But I awoke with the chiming of bells in my ears; 'twas no more than the cathedral clock striking; nevertheless, I took it as a good omen, and sprang up, fit to face the world.

Jacobus was slumbering on his pallet like a child. Under the magic touch of sleep, a subtle change had passed upon his face; something had gone from it, and instead, something of the man's inner spirit that smouldered beneath the rough fabric of robbery, fighting, and antick mummery of which his life was made up, peered forth. I stood a pater-noster while perusing the time-scarred countenance, but I had no eyes to decipher it. Had I not been my mother's son, perhaps I had not perceived so much as I did. I wondered idly whether there lived the woman who would have read that inscrutable, gallant, crafty, generous riddle, Jacobus the Highwayman, Sir Clipseyby Carew the Cavalier. I know now that such an one there was: and that she was dead.

Unwilling to arouse Jacobus, I leaned my elbows on the sill, thrusting head and shoulders out of the open casement. Our room was a garret chamber, and the window commanded an ascending field of roofs, brown thatch, or red, shining tiles, with the smoke drifting and curling from the chimneys; beyond the huddled houses rose the great broken rampart of Rougemont Castle, over which white clouds came lifting in ranks, with now and again a flying whisp of grey vapour like a puff of smoke. The wind bore odours of the country mint with a briny tincture from the sea, and presently there came the thin shrilling of a trumpet. Captain Crook, in Rougemont Castle, was sounding boot-and-sadd'le.

A few minutes later, armed and equipped, we were devouring a hasty breakfast, and before we had finished hoofs rang in the street, and our whole army drew up at the door. We contemplated the troopers through the window, sitting in the saddle like statues, carbine on thigh, and toes turned in: perfectly equipped in bright steel cap, gorget, back and breast, great boots and winking spurs: the horses groomed to a marvel, the sun gleaming upon glossy haunch and shoulder.

"Had I a hundred times as many

there would be doings," quoth Jacobus, with his mouth full of pastry.

The landlord, fidgety already as a hen with ducklings, could scarce contain himself at sight of this new portent, and saw us off with benisons, and I doubt not the most pious inward thanksgivings.

Jacobus took his place on the right front as captain, while I rode upon the left in the senior corporal's position.

"Rank entire, right wheel, forward," shouted the commanding officer, and we paced jingling down the street, and wheeled into the High Street.

From the castle on the hill-top sounded the Tucquet—warning for a march. A minute later from out the shadow of the archway issued a flash of steel and scarlet, and a knot of horse-men, with a black-bearded man at their head, came riding down the hill towards us. Jacobus halted instantly. Fortune, in hastening the event, was already befriending us. We were abreast of the Court House, I remember, with its arched and columned front designed in the Italian manner. The people in the street began to stop and stare, but took us, of course, for Crook's own troopers. So, doubtless, did Crook himself, for, until he and his four men were well within pistol-shot, he did not appear to remark us. Then I saw his face change suddenly. Crying "Halt!" and reigning up his horse, he whipped out a pistol and fired. Jacobus swerved, and the ball struck upon the plated breast of Joshua Gilvy, and glanced off.

"What ho, brethren!" roared the trooper. "Would'st see old Gilvy murdered? Seize the traitor, brothers."

But before the words were out of his mouth Jacobus had flung his pistol in Crook's face, and was charging down upon him with naked blade uplifted. Swift as his assailant was, Crook had drawn his sword ready to strike, but the fury of the onset caused his horse to rear and his blow fell harmless. With a level sweep of his sword Jacobus cut deep into the dragoon's neck, just above the stiff collar of the buff coat, and the man swayed and toppled sideways. I spurred up to Jacobus's side, and for a moment we both fought desperately with Crook's troopers. But our own soldadoes pushed into the fray, shouting to their comrades to desist, and dealing great blows with the flat of their broadswords. There was a mighty din and confusion,



and halloing and running together of people, and our assailants began to give back. Perhaps they were not entirely desirous to take us; at any rate, although blows were falling like hail, I saw no one hurt, and Gilvy and Shillard were grinning broadly above the chin-strap. Jacobus backed his horse out of the press; I followed instantly, and, wheeling, we struck spurs in and galloped full tilt down the street and out of the East Gate.

The wind whistled past our ears, and the horses settled into their stride. We thought we were clean escaped, when we heard the drum of hoofs behind us. Looking back, we saw Shillard the Rider on his huge bay stallion, gaining on us at every step. I have never seen such a devil of a nag as he rode that day. There was use in racing, and we drew rein in the little village of Heavitree, and stopped at the ale-house. Shillard came up at full gallop, pulled his lathering horse on its haunches, and saluted. Methought the situation was a trifle difficult.

"Y' have a good nag," remarked Jacobus. "Will you sell him?"

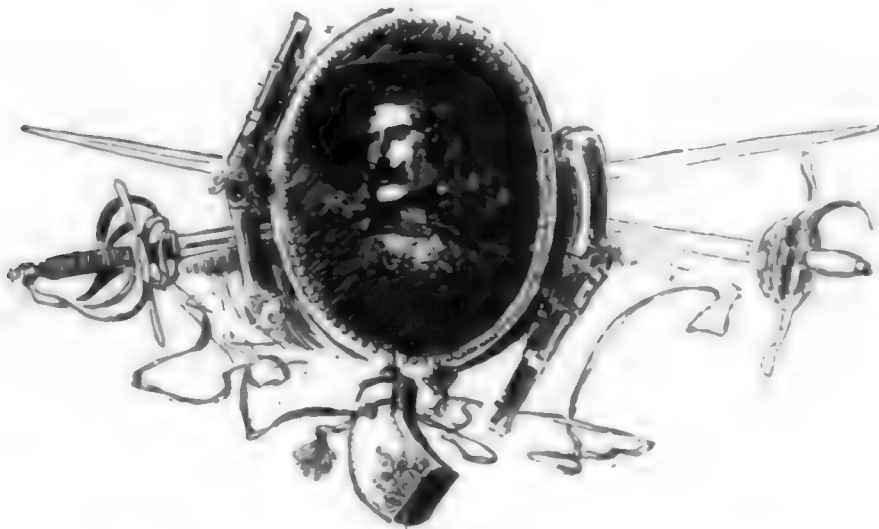
"Not I, sir, by your good leave," returned the rider. "You see he is mighty useful on occasions."

"And why the devil are the other men not here?" demanded Jacobus fiercely.

"They await orders, Captain," returned Shillard, eyeing him. "This is a pretty business. There will be a noise."

"'Sblood," said Jacobus. "The orders are 'Dismiss.' I have slain your back-sliding murdering Captain, you see; wherefore, go to, go rejoin your company. Y' have done very well for a parcel of bloody Roundheads. Here is wages, all as agreed—is it not so?—with a piece over for liquor. Give you good-den till we meet again, as may befall, for I am often on the road."

The man, still staring, murmured a word of thanks, took the money with an air of great dubiety, and saluted mechanically as we rode away. Looking back, we saw that he had wheeled his horse, and was still gazing after us, the sun beating down on his mailed figure, and the steam from his horse going up in a cloud about him.





## *Lowest London.*

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.

**W**E have already almost forgotten the Society fashion known as 'S'umming,' when worthy souls, sighing for a new thing, put on old clothes, shook disinfectants over themselves, and went East to see how the poor live. These fatuous folks here and there touched the fringes of Lowest London, as with a walking-stick a man may disturb the scum on a stagnant pool; but the depths remain hidden to this day. It is proposed to investigate them in these articles, and the arduous work has fallen upon no superficial journalist, but one who is familiar with the black subject, who can put his hand on the fevered pulse of Lowest London, who is not easily deceived.

Under the roar and rumble and naptha glare of a Saturday night, he sought the resting-places of the submerged wanderers. They were men of all kinds and classes: men who had "gone under" and men who had been "born under"; men who had lost the tide and found themselves stranded for ever in the bitter consciousness of failure from their own fault; men who had lived subterranean lives of ignorance and crime—mere human brutes looking sulkily out at a world they could not understand, as thirsty cattle look at the drover. Every sort of poor broken failure collects in these dark kitchens of

the East. They conform readily enough to the iron rules which the law directs and the police enforce; they eat with the comfort of chairs and tables; they exchange ideas; they ultimately drag their weary legs upward to the dormitories, and there, if they can sleep, escape the sordid hell of their waking lives for a few brief hours.

It is our purpose to describe one of these homes of the London outcasts; and we give a composite picture for obvious reasons. Not a few of the places were inspected and reported upon, so that glimpses of many shelters and many life histories go to make the substance of this paper. But let our Commissioner speak for himself:

Plunging away from the open markets and the final struggle and rush, before sleep settles on this wilderness for a season, I face, in a silent, ill-lighted street, one house, over the door of which a light flickers, and a transparency proclaims that "Comfortable beds for Working-men" may be procured at a nightly cost of fourpence or sixpence. A motley group have already gathered within. They look suspiciously at my camera, resentfully at me. The fame of pictorial presentation is a thing to be avoided by many of them like the plague; and they shrink and huddle away as ugly things loving darkness shrink when

the stone which hides them is upturned. The "Deputy," or Manager, of the place answers my summons speedily enough—a broad, hale, hard man, strong and clean, rising like a tower above all this lean poverty and feeble misery. He sweeps his customers to the right and left as he comes forward on heavy feet that firmly hold the ground.

"Snap-shot our house? Why, certainly you can; an' a cleaner, better-ordered one you won't find. An' a man what knows his business better than me you won't find neither. Come on."

Short, sharp, and to the point, the Deputy seemed marked by Providence to fill his present position in life. Following him, I found myself at the foot of a flight of steps, and soon afterwards, passing a pigeon-hole where a hard-voiced woman was refusing a Militiaman permission to take a lodging, we entered the kitchen, or main apartment of the institution. Utterly sordid and spotlessly clean the big room shone under gaslight. Around a great fire some of the inmates clustered, toasting scraps of bacon, or herrings, while at the table a cup and platter was at every visitor's service. Some talked glibly and coarsely, with a multitude of strange words beyond the power of any but an

expert to understand. They referred to enterprises of a more or less questionable nature: to triumphs, to failures, to escapes, to future attempts, and newly acquired accomplishments in the predatory arts. Some sat remote and alone. Not a few heads were bowed; some, having placed a few morsels of food in their empty stomachs, had succumbed, and now already slept, with their heads upon their arms. A few played cards, and had strength and energy sufficient to quarrel and swear. But, for the most part, the broken spirit of that mournful company was stamped on the faces of the poor failures that composed it. Most of them chose to be morose and silent. Some scowled at me and my camera; some turned their backs; the new-comer showed shame; but the Deputy all obeyed with promptitude, for they knew his power.

"They're tame as hungry cats mostly," he confided to me. "Some of us carries revolvers and some police whistles, but I've never found no call to be feared with them. Treat 'em straight an' never go back on your word, an' let 'em know they can trust you, an' it's all right. I only carries this little bit of a reminder myself," and he showed me a long, flexible cane-like apparatus, loaded with



SOME OF THE INMATES



AROUND THE FIRE

lead, which he carried in a pocket specially made for it down one leg of his trousers. A photograph was now taken, and after another glance at the white-washed walls, the sanded floor, the long rows of spotless benches, and the strange medley of characters who reposed upon them, I set out and followed my guide through a labyrinth of passages. Great keys grated in heavy locks at every turn, for the place was guarded like a gaol. Indeed, old prison warders, as my companion informed me, usually make the best "Deputies."

"Yes, they're queer some of 'em, no doubt," admitted the big Manager, in answer to a question. "They've got their ideas same as you and me. They won't do this and they won't do that; they will have this and they will have that. Some of 'em forks out twopence extra every night—what for? for a spring mattress! There's toffs for you! But you'll see where they sleeps bimebye. The great trouble is the washin' of 'em. Lor! how some do hate clean soap an' water! An' generally the more respectable they seem to be to the eye the less they likes having to strip and take the dirt off. Why, there was one only a few days since, with shirt cuffs, an' a tie an'

collar, an' such-like luxuries, who simply wouldn't wash till I just made it clear as he'd got to. Then we seed how it was—the cuffs and collar was all on their own like, with never a shirt to hang on to."

We stood in a yard where a man was busily employed in hauling pails up a rope to the various sleeping apartments above. "That's the 'lift,' that is," said the Deputy, humorously. Then he showed me the washing premises, where a gentleman allowed me to photograph him in the act of getting up his solitary shirt for Sunday wear.

"No, I shouldn't say they was all bad 'uns—not quite," exclaimed the Deputy, as we went forward again. "We don't ask no questions so long as they can pay for their lodging and what food they order. You see every man jack of 'em's got some pretty black fault, else they'd never drift so low as this. But there's faults and faults. Thieves? Yes; very likely. There's thieves in every rank of life, I'm told; an' you're as certain to find 'em here as anywhere else. There's all sorts as I say. Of course, drink's the great trouble. If I said that nine out of ten comed here by that road, it wouldn't be less than the truth. But some's got good hearts an' very little vice in 'em."



"THEY EXCHANGE IDEAS"



Now this is a room where chaps can keep their goods an' chattels in them lockers if they like to pay. Each has his own key to his own locker, and——" here the Deputy lowered his voice, "I've got a master key to all. You see we don't want any of your Anarchists or such-like gentry leaving their little bombs an' bottles in a respectable community like this."

I ventured to ask what was the usual employment of those gathered together in this apartment.

"They're working men," was the

with stuffed mattresses, pillows, blankets, sheets and coverlets. The Deputy sat down on one of them for a little rest; but he continued to supply information without ceasing.

"It's funny to hear the blokes of a mornin' 'fore light, when the Nightman goes round in his carpet slippers to wake them as wants to be waked. 'What's the time, mate?' they says; 'Fourpence!' he says. Then they know who 'tis. Now look at this here linen. Clean enough for a duke, eh? Yes, we've got to put that writing on 'em, because we can't be



"HIS SUNDAY SHIRT"

answer. "Some works by night, some by day. As to night trades—why, there's many you might call honest enough. Some of the chaps leave their beds at four in the morning, and a Nightman calls them. For that he gets a penny a call or fourpence a week. Now, if you've got that room photographed proper, we'll go and look at the sleeping-places. There's a good few turned in by now, but that don't signify."

The room like those below was spotlessly clean, with white-washed walls and boarded floor and ceiling. The windows were wide open, the beds were rather short, but looked comfortable enough,

quite sure of our company, you see, and nothing would be easier than to take the sheets if it was good enough; but with that on them, of course it isn't."

The Deputy referred to the words *Stolen from*—, which were marked in big black letters on every piece of linen, and rendered it valueless to any way-farer dishonestly inclined.

"Not but what they do steal 'em and many other things too, you must know. There are certain times in the year, or rather one partickler time, when they'll put claws on every mortal thing, an' a Deputy's got to be eyes behind an' afore an' all round. That's just before the

hopping season comes. Then the most of 'em begins to want their summer holidays, an' as it's camping-out under tents most times, they likes what they can get in the way of blankets, sheets, knives, an' cetera. It don't much matter in a hop-field whether a blanket's sneaked or not so's you've got it; an' nobody's going to say nothing any way."

At a single institution of the sort I am describing, you shall generally find about two hundred beds. The dormitories are periodically visited by the police and reported on; and each upon

man, taking it all round, makes his two quid a week sometimes."

"Who own the houses?"

"Millionaires I should think. Any way the profit to the owners is something tremenjous. Thousands they make in a year. You see it's all business an' there's no slack time. Sometimes more an' sometimes less, but no slack time winter or summer. The owners does well. I reckon a two-fronted pub's a fool to these places. You see there's no expenses here. Soap an' water an' whitewash runs the show."



"SLEEP AFTER TOYLE"

its whitewashed walls has a solitary adornment in shape of a card setting forth the number of sleepers to be legally accommodated.

"Your Night Watchman must be a busy party," I said. "But no doubt he makes a bit one way and another."

"You bet he does! The Nightman's good for ten shillings a week to begin with. Then there's the call money and the tea for the early risers. He's a regular gentleman's gentleman he is. The tea—at least it's called tea—he sells for a penny a pint. What he pays for it I shouldn't like to say. It's warming if it ain't nothing else. Yes, that Night-

"Do you accommodate women here too?" was my next question.

"No, not here," answered the Deputy. "We only do singles. Of course a good many places does doubles, but we don't. We don't want 'em neither. They're as much trouble again as men."

A moment later he added another remark on another subject.

"There's one thing I'd say if I may make so bold. Don't you be writing anywhere that they's nothin' but misery 'mongst them as comes here. There's enough, I know—enough and to spare, but many's contented, an' I wouldn't say some ain't happy in their own way of

lookin' at it. Hear 'em laugh sometimes when their tails is up and they've had a bit o' luck! Many thousands is born to it, you see, an' they ain't known nothing different since they've been kicked out of their father's homes as young youths to shift for themselves. 'Tis the 'come downs' that feel it hurt 'em to be here. Old an' young, strong an' weak—all drift this way one time an' another; an' I judge there's some wouldn't change—no not if you was to offer them tidy work to-morrow."

"No doubt you're right. Your experience must be very wide. Is there anything more to show me?"

"Well, I don't know as there is unless"—here the great Deputy broke off and laughed—"unless you'd like to see some others as I takes care of on my own account—just for a change."

"You look after some yourself?"

"I do. Not humans, but better than some humans as I fancies often enough. They're on the roof in cages. This way—mind your head! Maybe they're asleep, but I'll poke 'em up."

We reached the roof; the Deputy struck a light and showed me a little row of rabbit-hutches. From a judicial severity his face softened and his voice softened. The rabbits were his only joy. He loved them and called them by their

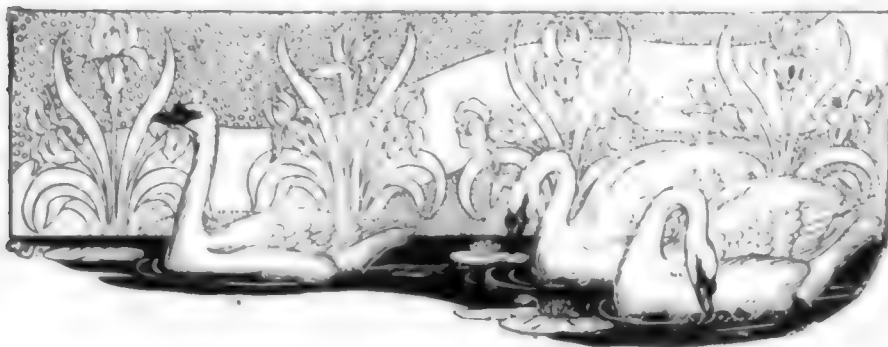
names. Here he escaped from the sad and dreary duties of his life; here he became a boy again. His eyes gleamed in the candle light as he stroked a big rabbit; he was, in fact, transformed.

"Rum pets for a growed man, eh? But you don't know—you couldn't guess no more than I could explain 'bout these rabbits."

"It's a thing that won't go into words," I said.

"'Sactly so! It won't, and there's an end of it."

So I took my leave, speculating in the old conventional way on what I had seen, longing in the old conventional way for the appearance of the saviour, the strong man equal to cleansing our civilisation and restoring the balance. Words and photographs are alike vain things when faced with terrific human problems; but they serve their purpose here—they attract attention, they arouse thoughts. And from thoughts we may trust that actions will spring, with attempts renewed and again renewed in the great fields of philanthropy. Let knowledge grow; that may well be the prayer of the wise, for with knowledge will surely come a new order and a new race. Amelioration is the motto of this generation in its attitude to Lowest London; alteration will be the watchword of the next.





ILLUSTRATED BY J. BARNARD DAVIS

### THE HEIR OF LONGLANDS.

**A**S I was sauntering along one evening with Smurthwaite to the club, a young man approached us, who, with a smile and a hearty handshake, greeted my friend, and, after arranging to call next day, left us

"You would hardly think, Dawson," said Mr. Smurthwaite, "that that youth was once one of the leading *dramatis personæ* in a romance of a somewhat peculiar kind."

"No," I answered, "he looks a very ordinary, healthy youth, such as I should imagine had passed through the usual phases of life common to his rank: public school, university—probably no degree—and a life about town on a modest competence."

"That is always so," said he. "People love to think that the heroes of romance in real life must be such as they are drawn in dramas and novels. The most romantic story I ever heard had for its hero a hunchback who was stone deaf. I must tell you about him some day."

"But what about this young fellow?"

"I must protest," he said, "against your way of keeping me to the point. You forget that an old man is fond of drifting from one reminiscence to another. Wait till we are in my chambers to-night, and I will tell you the story."

Later that evening, when we were comfortably seated at his fire, Smurthwaite said: "That lad's father and I first foregathered in the North of England, when I was an articled clerk. A curious man—dead now—good-looking, but heavy and slow. We struck up an acquaintanceship which ripened into a life-long friendship, as far as he was concerned. An orphan, he came into a very nice property close to Brompton, in Cumberland, on the death of a distant relative. So far as I know, he had very few other relatives; the nearest was a cousin—first or second, I cannot remember which—a rather pretty girl, slight, with fair hair, very wavy, and a good complexion. The one fault of her face was that her eyes were too close together."

"Well, I left, as you know, and came up to London, and for three or four years I only saw Foster at rare intervals when he came to town. One day he rushed into my office and insisted on taking me out to lunch, and I could see, by the sparkle in his eyes and his radiant smile, so entirely at variance with his usual solemn manner, that he had some news—good news—to impart."

"'Do you know,' he said, 'I am in love with the most beautiful woman on earth?'"

"'Indeed,' said I. 'I always thought you would remain a bachelor. It is not, I am sure, for want of chances that you haven't fallen in love before.'

"The whole of lunch was occupied, as far as I was concerned, with listening to his enraptured comments upon the young lady whose fascinations had overcome him. He insisted upon my going with him to call upon her mother, and this I did.

"I must confess I was rather dis-

hearts, but one day I got a telegram from Foster announcing the birth of a son and heir. What an amount of affection was lavished on that child by both parents, to be sure! No prince could have been better cared for. A sturdy little chap, too; he didn't seem to get spoilt, as so many children do, with all the attention paid to him.

"I was sitting in my office one afternoon some four years later, when Foster was announced. He came in with a pale



"FOR SOME MOMENTS HE WAS UNABLE TO SPEAK"

appointed, though I took care not to let Foster see it. She was a delicate, fragile girl, with a *spirituelle* face, and looked as if a puff of wind would blow her away.

"To cut a long story short, they were married, and once or twice I went to visit them in their Cumberland home. The place never suited Mrs. Foster, who was always more or less an invalid there. Indeed, half the year was spent by the couple at Torquay, or some of the southern watering-places. For some years no child came to gladden their

and haggard face, and seemed to have grown twenty years older since I had seen him, only a few months before. Tottering to a seat, he threw himself into it with a gesture of despair. For some moments he was unable to speak, and then told me in frenzied accents that little Max had been stolen. He begged me there and then to leave the office, pack, and start with him for Cumberland that night, promising to tell me all the details on the journey.

"It appeared that the boy's nurse, who had been with him since his birth,



and was very devoted to him, had taken him for a walk the day before into Brampton, and while making some purchases in a draper's shop had learnt that a friend of hers, who had been her fellow-servant in some previous employment, was engaged there. Leaving the child in the shop, seated on a high stool, with strict injunctions not to move, she had gone down stairs to have a chat with her friend. The boy, unperceived, had slipped off the stool and run into the street. In about ten minutes the nurse came up from the kitchen and found the boy gone. She immediately ran into the street and went from one end to the other and down a'l the side streets, looking for him, but in vain, wasting nearly two hours in this way. She had then, distracted with grief, made the best of her way home to Longland's, her master's place, and told her story.

"I need not say how frantic both parents were. A trap was soon at the door, Foster galloped into Brampton, and the matter was placed in the hands of the police. That night Foster caught the train and came to see me.

"Arrived in Brampton, I first went to the police station, and learnt that no tidings of the child had come to hand. The porters and the ticket clerks at the station had been closely questioned, but none had any knowledge of the child having been taken by train. The timetable showed that a train had left for Carlisle twenty minutes after the child had been missed, but neither the guard nor any of the officials had seen little Max Foster. With a mass of fair ringlets, which his parents had not been able to persuade themselves to cut off, and dressed in a tiny sailor suit, the boy presented a somewhat striking appearance, and one that would not be easily forgotten. Besides, he was known to most of the officials at the station.

"I stayed at Longlands three days, while every idea I could conceive of to trace the boy was put into execution, but without avail. On my return to town, I sought the services of a then famous private detective, a peculiar man, whose principal characteristic was that he never allowed anyone to work with him or for him. He did all his work himself, unlike the wretched agencies that now exist, which are in many cases little better than swindling concerns. I need hardly say that, quite apart from

his ordinary charges, he was promised a very handsome reward, and, with the energy peculiar to his nature, he was on the track before a day was gone.

"He never told me what his movements were, but now and then used to ask me for money, which I, relying upon his integrity, had no hesitation in giving him. No success, however, attended his efforts. Nevertheless he did not give up hope, and at intervals came to report what he called 'progress,' but what, I cynically reminded him, looked like failure.

"Meantime, the despair of the parents waxed deeper and deeper, and poor Mrs. Foster became seriously ill. Twelve months went by, and one day I heard of her death. Grief, acting upon a delicate constitution always prone to consumption, had brought about this result. I attended the funeral, and was positively shocked to see the terrible change which had come over poor Foster himself. He seemed a broken man, and it was with the greatest possible difficulty that I persuaded him to leave England and go abroad for a time. I found an active and lively young doctor to act as medical companion, and the pair started for a long voyage round the world. Foster's parting injunction to me was to spare neither expense nor energy in pursuing my search for little Max.

"I confess that although I promised—and even, in an excessive desire to instil hope into the poor fellow's mind, spoke with a cheerful certainty—that before his return the boy would be found, in my inmost heart I felt that the chances were a million to one.

"Some six weeks after Foster's departure, the detective, Walters, told me that he had exhausted all possible clues and avenues of information, and that he did not think it fair to continue the search until something definite had occurred to start him on a new track.

"You remember I told you once that coincidences, though they read so strangely in novels, are much more common in real life than the majority of people believe. I went out to dine one night in Kensington, and there I was introduced to a Miss Foster. The moment after the introduction I remembered her as the cousin I have mentioned already, whom I had met more than once in Cumberland. She was some distance from me on the other side of



J. CARLSON DAVIS  
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"DEPLORING THE KIDNAPPING OF LITTLE MAX"

the table during dinner, and I caught her on several occasions casting furtive glances under her eyelashes at me. After dinner I seized an opportunity of conversing with her, and led the conversation by natural steps to poor Foster. On this she brightened up somewhat, and asked me several questions about him and his state of health, and whether I knew his present address.

"I looked at her very closely, and observed that she had aged considerably in the few years that had elapsed since I had met her; there were lines round her mouth which I had never noticed before. When her face was in repose it struck me that I had seldom seen such a hard, disappointed-looking face in my life. She had lost a good deal of her roundness, and her eyes were restless and had an unsatisfied, hungry look in them. I spoke to her later, and took the opportunity of deploring the kidnapping of little Max, and while doing so I watched her keenly, though seeming not to do so. She affected comp'ete ignorance of the fact that the boy had dis-

appeared, and plied me with questions as to the circumstances. However, I gave her little satisfaction, and shortly afterwards I left.

"This interview had given me food for a great deal of thought, and I sent for Walters early next morning and had a long talk with him. The result of this was that a few days later I learnt that Miss Foster was living in a very comfortable flat in the West End; that she was apparently in receipt of a good income, and moved in very good society.

"A fortnight later Walters told me that, so far as he was able to gather, there was nothing in the clue I had given him; but somehow I had an intuitive feeling that in this direction, and in this direction alone, would the disappearance of little Max be accounted for. I had practically nothing to go upon except the shifty eyes and restless looks of Isabel Foster, and strange to say the *denouement* came from that quarter, though by no means in the way I had anticipated.

"Greatly against his wish, I told

Walters he must keep observation on Miss Foster. It was the same report week after week — morning shopping; lunch either with friends or at home; afternoon calls and drives; dinners, theatres, parties, and so forth. One day, however, Walters came in and said: 'I have an idea that there is some connection between Miss Foster and a certain Captain Crowther.'

"'Why,' said I.

"'Twice in this week Captain Crowther has called at her flat to take her to the theatre, and last Sunday he took her to church.'

"Crowther was then shadowed, with the result that he was found to be a rather impecunious retired captain, living in a side street off Piccadilly, but belonging to a fashionable club. This seemed to offer a new prospect.

"Curiously enough, I happened one day, when walking down Dover Street, Piccadilly, to see in front of me Miss Foster walking with a man, whom from Walters' description I judged to be Captain Crowther. They were walking very slowly, and in earnest conversation. Arrived at the corner of the street, I saw Miss Foster, who had her purse in her hand, open it, take out something, and hand it to Captain Crowther, who thereupon hailed a hansom, while Miss Foster turned into Piccadilly.

"What led me to do it I cannot now understand, but I called another hansom and told the driver to follow Crowther's. I thought the journey would never end, and it was not until we reached Chiswick that Crowther's cab turned down a side street and stopped opposite No. 18. I immediately told my man to drive past. I saw Crowther run up the steps and ring. Making a note of the address, I

told the cabman to take me back to town.

"Next morning Walters was with me; we had a hurried interview, and two hours later I had the gratifying news that little Max had been found. You may be certain I was not long in getting down to 18, Todmorden Street, Chiswick. The door was opened by a respectable widow, who told me that she let lodgings; that some eighteen months before a Captain Crompton had arranged with



"I SAW MISS FOSTER TAKE OUT SOMETHING"

her to take charge of a little boy, who, he said, was his nephew. She had been only too glad to take the lad.

"'He has been a real comfort to me,' she said. 'I lost my only child about his age, and I think little Max has taken my poor boy's place in my heart, though to be sure Captain Crompton doesn't pay me very regularly.'

"I explained to the astonished woman the circumstances, and took the boy away with me. That day I spent nearly twenty pounds in cablegrams to every

address that Foster had given me, giving him the welcome news.

"But one thing remained to be done. Accompanied by Walters, I called on Miss Foster. I need not detail the scene. I charged her point-blank with having abducted the boy. She was wildly indignant. Her eyes blazed with fury, and for some minutes she vented on my devoted head such a torrent of abusive eloquence as I have seldom listened to. I was beginning to be non-plussed, when Walters came to my aid.

"'But we all know about it, ma'am, and where Captain Crowther put him.'

"In a twinkling I noticed a peculiar movement in the woman's chin, which extended to her lips, and with a nervous sob she sank with her head hidden in her arms on the table.

"After all I was wrong. She did know, it is true, about the child being stolen, but nothing more for certain. Three years before, she had become acquainted with Captain Crowther, and had engaged herself to him, but, as her income would cease on marriage, and he was unable to marry on his means, they had arranged to wait until the death of a relative of his, when he said he would be a rich man. Meanwhile, he had inquired as to her prospects and learned that, in the event of Reginald Foster dying childless, she would become the owner of the Longlands estate. Crowther was constantly borrowing money from Miss Foster; and, indeed, latterly she had almost shared her income with him, and had begun to weary of his perpetual demands, and though she had some suspicions as to the disappearance of young Max Foster she had no certain knowledge. All this she explained in broken accents to us, and added, 'I assure you, Mr. Smurthwaite, that for the past year I have not only lost all affection for Captain Crowther, but have positively hated and feared him, but O! I couldn't break it off—I can't tell you why.'

"Soothing the poor woman as best we could, we left her and made our way to Crowther's club, where we found him. Informing him that his presence was urgently required at my office (he did not know me) we were soon in a four-wheeler driving there. Not a word was said till we were safely in my room. The villain blustered, threatened, and fumed, but on my telling him that the child was in my possession his face turned ghastly

pale; perspiration broke out on his forehead and even dropped from the points of his lanky hair. Here is his confession." And, going to a drawer in his bookcase, Mr. Smurthwaite produced a faded document on foolscap. It read thus:—

*"I, James Arthur Crowther, of the ——— Club, Piccadilly, do hereby declare that on the seventeenth day of May, one thousand eight hundred and—, I was in Brampton with the object and intention of kidnapping Maximilian Foster, son of Reginald Foster, of Longlands. I had been there very nearly a week, and had seen the child on several occasions with his nurse, but had had no opportunity of taking him unobserved. On the seventeenth of May I was in the street and saw the child come out of Huddart's shop alone. I called to him, and presently we were in the stable yard where I had my horse and trap and man. The man was in my employ, but I have since sent him abroad. As soon as the horse was harnessed, I handed my man the child, and told him to drive as hard as he could to Carlisle, while I took the train.*

*"I arrived in Carlisle in time to walk out some two miles on the Brampton Road, where I got into the trap, and with a pair of scissors cut the child's hair short. I gave up the horse and trap and took the train with him to Newcastle. There we remained for two days, while I destroyed all the clothes the child was wearing, and dressed him in a completely different manner. I next took the train to Willesden, changed there, and got the District train, which took us to Gunnersbury, and thence I cabbied it to Mrs. Cameron's, with whom I had made arrangements previously in the name of Crompton.*

*"(Signed)*

*"CHARLES A. CROWTHER.*

*"Witnesses:*

*"J. G. SMURTHWAITE.*

*"A. S. WALTERS."*

"Although I knew I was doing wrong in not handing the villain over to



"TELLING HIM THAT THE CHILD WAS IN MY POSSESSION"



justice, I felt that the disclosure of the story would be a terrible matter for poor Foster, so, with a warning to the wretched adventurer that unless he immediately left the country I should hand him over to justice, I dismissed him.

"His scheme had nearly succeeded.

Poor Foster arrived in England some two months later from Yokohama, but within three months had joined his poor wife. Little Max has had a long minority under my guardianship, and I only hope he will make a good use of his property. Miss Foster is Miss Foster still but lives abroad."



MR. FRANKLIN M'LEAY AS HERO IN "THE SIGN OF THE CROSS"  
From a photograph by W. and D. Downey

*From Generation to Generation.*

THE DUKES OF BEDFORD.



FIRST EARL



SECOND EARL



FOURTH EARL



THIRD EARL



SECOND DUKE



FIFTH EARL AND FIRST DUKE



FOURTH DUKE



THIRD DUKE





SIXTH DUKE



FIFTH DUKE



FRANK LUDGATE



ALFRED LUDGATE



TENTH DUKE



NINTH DUKE



THE PRESENT DUKE

## The Songs of the People.

THE distinguished personage—a Scotsman, of course—who remarked that he would forego all other forms of influence upon a people for that of making their songs,



MR. E. V. PAGE  
From a photograph by W. Wright

would add the epithet "music-hall" if he were alive to-day; for the vogue of a drawing-room ballad is at the best the merest shadow of that enjoyed by the songs you hear in the variety theatres. Yet the writers of these songs—some of whom have had success after success, all known to everybody—are for the most part not even names to the vast majority of the public. Here are some names, and faces with them.

Mr E. V. Page is not by any means an old man, but in this particular line of art he is entitled to be called a veteran. At one time there was hardly a vocalist upon the stage who was not singing one or more of his songs. It was he who wrote "One more glass before we part," once beloved of the frequenters of Evans's supper-rooms; and "La-di-dah" was another of his songs. For three consecutive years he contributed lyrics to the book of the Drury Lane panto-

mime, and the grand total of his works is no less than a thousand. In many cases he wrote both words and music; but since '85 he has diverted his energies into other channels, finding that to own and manage the Cambridge Theatre of Varieties, down Shoreditch way, is to have little time left for writing songs.

Mr. Richard Morton is probably better known by name than any of his confrères, for it was he who wrote "Ta-ra-ra!" Since then he has had a whole host of successes: "The Dandy Coloured Coon," "Susie Tusie," "Twiggy-vous?" and "What do I care?" He has also compiled a volume of the tales of Mr. R. G. Knowles, and collaborated with Mr. Arthur Roberts in "The Adventures of Arthur Roberts by Road, Rail, and



MR. RICHARD MORTON



"River." Other books are concerned with the sayings of Mr. G. W. Hunter and Mr. Eugene Stratton.



MR. JOHN P. HARRINGTON  
From a photograph by Ward

Mr. J. P. Harrington is the author of "Tricky, Tricky Trilby" now—or until lately—sung by Miss Marie Lloyd. For the same lady he did a bicycle song,



MR. FELIX MCGLENNON  
From a photograph by Barrett, Manchester

and another, "The Naughty Continong." He has also written dramatic sketches for the halls.

Mr. Felix McGlennon is as well-known

on the other side of the Atlantic as here, and is said to be one of the few workers in any form of literary work whose income from American royalties is worth considering. He is not limited to any one form of ballad, for he wrote "Her golden hair was hanging down her back," on the one hand, and, on the other, such songs as "The Ship I Love," and "Comrades."

Mr. H. A. Duffy drifted from journalism to play-writing and so to the production of songs. His first success in this line was entitled "The Shamrock's Appeal to the Rose," and embodied a healthy feeling of patriotism. Since then he has done a vast number of



MR. H. A. DUFFY  
From a photograph by Brooks

sketches, and many songs, including "The Man that came over from Ireland."

Mr. Norton Akins is one of the youngest of writers of music-hall songs, but has had numerous successes already. Perhaps the best of his achievements so far was "Night and Morning," which was written for Miss Fanny Leslie.

Mr. Herbert Cole is acting manager of old Sadler's Wells Theatre, out of which Mr. George Belmont has made a prosperous little music-hall. Perhaps the best of his songs, so far, was "I was in it," written for Mr. Harry Randall. He has also done some dramatic writing.

Mr. Joseph Tabrar is said to be the

only writer of these songs who does both words and music and orchestrates his own work. The earliest success

his "Dear kind Doctor." It is said of him that he can, if needs be, turn you off a dozen songs at a single sitting.



MR. NORTON AKINS  
From a photograph by Brooks

recorded to his credit was "Ting, ting, that's how the bell goes," and a list of the others would fill many a page of *The Ludgate*. He wrote "Daddy



MR. JOSEPH TAHRAR  
From a photograph by Henry T. Reed

Finally, Mr. E. Bateman is a young writer who had the luck to make a big hit early in his career. He is the author of "If it wasn't for the 'ouses in be-



MR. HERBERT COLE  
From a photograph by John Hart

wouldn't buy me a bow-wow," and at the present moment Mr. Harry Randall is singing his "For the sake of the little ones at home," and Mr. George Robey



MR. EDGAR BATEMAN  
From a photograph by J. H. Lee

tween." Another great success of his is "It's a great big shame," sung by Mr. Gus Elen; and he has written several songs for Mr. Harry Randall.

# *The Memoirs of William Sykes, Jun.*

SOMETIME OF HOLLOWAY.



"LOST THE 'OLE CABOODLE"

SO thur was I, dressed up to the nines—hin the lift—hon the steer-kise - hup an' darn ev'ry bloomin' depawtmunt in them bloomin' Stores. I pinched three purses, runnin' ter sixteen-parnd-ten, and then, thinks I, "Bill, you've earned yer tea." And art I goes.

And when I come to pye fur my three o' Scotch and no water, blow me if I 'adn't 'ad my pocket picked and lost the 'ole caboodle!

Well, what I says is, wheer's yer openin' fur hindustry nar-a-dyes?

# *Some Experiences of Lord Syfret.*

BY ARABELLA KENEALY.

## II.—IN A TERRIBLE GRIP.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. SAVAGE.



HAD taken a house at Dover. I detest publicity, and a case I had been dipping into threatened to come to trial, in which event I should inevitably find my name figuring in the papers. Therefore I conveyed myself and my effects to the coast, and had my yacht in readiness so that a wire from my lawyer should give me some sea-miles start of the person charged with the serving of my subpoena. I slept at Dover, going down most days by the five o'clock express. About half-an-hour out from town I observed a strange old tumble-down house standing a little distance from the railway, a house noticeable for being a curious graft of villa upon farm-house. This house had impressed itself on the outer tablets of my consciousness for some days, perhaps, before it struck deep enough to focus my attention. I know this by the circumstance that one day it remained in my memory with the clear and sharp intensity of something I had been acquainted with for years. I even found that my outer consciousness had arrived at the conclusion that the house belonged to an artist. There was a long low room built out from it, a room with complicated blinds and a large top-light—a studio to all appearance. Then I asked myself why had the house impressed me and what was my impression? As I have said, I have an instinct for a house with a history; but, unfortunately, imagination and this instinct occasionally become confused. This was a house calculated by its quaint construction to

excite the fancy. Fancy alone might be at work.

As I neared it next morning I examined it attentively. Certainly it was a charming old house, and the garden a tangle of perfume and colour. A hurried glance as we rushed past showed me the interior of the studio. There were no pictures nor sign of artistic properties. Not even an easel. Indeed, the only thing in the room was an immense chair, a chair that caught and held my attention. It stood on a platform raised from the ground. It was fitted with levers and flanges and screws of every conceivable form and shape. I put my head out of window, staring back at it. It looked like some horrible instrument of mediæval torture. Before it had passed from view I burst out laughing. Truly, my imagination was at ferment. The chair was an instrument of torture without question, but a modern one. It was a dentist's chair! Not such a dentist's chair as I had ever seen, but manifestly a dentist's chair. The annex was, then, no artist's studio, but a dentist's surgery. I decided in the evening that the dentist had retired, and had preserved this relic of his stock-in-trade possibly from some sentiment of professional pride, for the house stood a mile at least from any other houses, and these were a mere score of squalid cottages. Assuredly there was no scope for professional practice.

A man stood out on the lawn as we passed. If he were the dentist he was young to retire—young, and yet old. His hair was grey: he was thin to emaciation. He stood scanning the train with a wild gaze. He looked like a man who had sustained some mental shock. This impression was increased by the fact that a sudden shriek from the engine at the moment of passing set

his face contorting. Then he clapped his hands spasmodically over his ears, and turning, shot into the house, his coat-tails flying.

"My good sir," I reflected, "before you chose a dwelling within sixty yards of a railway you should have discovered that your nerves were not equal to the shriek of a locomotive."

A day later I was interested to see



"GOING DOWN BY THE EXPRESS"

that the dentist had a patient. The torture-chair was occupied. I could not make out much of the occupant, and strangely enough the dentist was not visible. Neither were there to be seen the table set with picks and files, nor the drill nor any of those other contrivances for anticipating the tortures of the lost, wherein the dental mind is so prolific. As we glided opposite I got a better view. The man lay back in the chair motionless and gagged, with such a look of horror in his starting eyes as was absolutely appalling. His face was livid, his hands purple and patched with white about the knuckles, as though he were straining every effort for composure.

It was evident he was undergoing mental torture of the extremest kind. Yet he lay back motionless—the convulsions of his features being the only evidence of muscular activity about him. I wondered, rather contemptuously—for after all the tortures of dentistry are not more than a man may bear—I wondered, if he felt so mortally bad about it, why he did not get up and beat a retreat. We passed so close that I learned his reason. A curious writhe and shiver of his limbs made it plain that to retreat was not in his power. He was locked in. The levers and flanges and screws had him immovable in their grip. Heavens! an ordinary dental chair were bad enough, but this one—this that locked the limbs and gagged the mouth, and held a man as in a vice—was altogether too fiendish. Again I was struck by the fact that the man was alone and that none of the paraphernalia of dentistry were about. The dentist was a cool hand indeed to leave his patient thus to his imagination.

"I say! man in a fit," my opposite fellow-passenger broke in. He leaned out of window. "Poor wretch! and nobody with him!"

He resumed his seat. "I don't think it was a fit after all," he said, thoughtfully, "his eyes were conscious."

The same man travelled with me in the evening. As we neared the house we instinctively strained our necks in its

direction. Every blind was drawn. It was like a house that had dropped its lids on a secret. My companion made a gesture towards it.

"Dead, I suppose," he said, with a little shudder. "Poor beggar! I hope they found him while he was alive."

I had it on my tongue to tell him my view, but I refrained. After all, he might be right. For surely no man ever looked like that over a tooth.

Next day the blinds were up. The chair was empty. The dentist sat in the garden. I had searched the papers vainly for a case of sudden or mysterious death. Two evenings later the chair was



again occupied. Again a man alone, convulsed and livid, lay with his gagged face turned to the window, his eyeballs starting. I could make out but little of his face for the screw and flange of the gag. But I noticed he had the wild grey hair of the man I had seen in the garden—the man I had taken for the dentist. I reconstructed my views. It was no case of dentistry. The room, after all, was a studio, the man an artist's model. The torture on his face was simulated—excellently well simulated. He was posing for some impressionist picture. Where then was the artist? And where the picture? There was neither easel, nor palette, nor even a mahl-stick. I could see every corner of the room. There was nothing in it but the chair—nobody in it but the man. I had come to the end of my imaginative patience. I would guess no longer.

The next morning I got out at the nearest station. Inquiring my way to the house, I was aware of being an object of interest, if not of suspicion. I congratulated myself. There was something to sift after all.

"You mean Massey's house," a woman answered to my queries. "Ah! poor gentleman! Up the lane and past the Spotted Corcodill, and round by Meakin's forge, and it'll be the first house you come to."

"Why do you say 'poor gentleman?'"

She shut her lips and shook her head. She tapped her forehead. Then she reeled off a string of mild invective, and darting across the road, whipped a small son of hers out of the gutter, and applied a palm in forcible and rapid iteration to the side of his face. I am sensitive to discordant sound. I hastened on, pondering how it came about that a woman could have in the same moment sympathy and to spare over a strange "poor gentleman," and not a grain of commiseration for a lonesome little chap of her own with a taste for mud-pies. I gained the Spotted Crocodile and passed Meakin's forge, where a man, who might have been Meakin, was shoeing a horse, and so to the house. Its front was pretentious but commonplace. One would not have looked twice at it. The rambling farm-house forming the back was faced by the most ordinary of villas, a villa of a conventionality of aspect which to me is always nauseating. Every blind was drawn to an equal

depth down every window. Such windows as were open were lifted to an equal height. The muslin curtains were immaculate and stretched on burnished rods. The steps and flags before the door were chalked as though they had something to conceal. The knocker was polished till its lustre stabbed the eyes. Altogether I was unfavourably impressed. The house was like a man whose teeth are too white. I mentally rubbed my hands. I love a house with so smiling a front. It rarely fails me. The door was opened by a sly-looking dapper housemaid. I had an impression of her levelling those blinds and polishing that knocker the while she laughed in her sleeve.

"Mr. Massey in?" I inquired.

"No sir, he's just gone out," she answered glibly; "if you was to walk up the road and turn to the right you'd be sure and catch him up," she added pointing her hand.

I know a lie when it is told me. I knew it then. I stepped over the spotless threshold into the immaculate hall.

"I will wait," I said.

Had I been less quick she would have shut the door on me. She stood watching me with eyes like knitting-needles.

"Master's not very well, and doesn't see anybody," she said, a little abashed.

"He will see me," I said confidently.

There is no situation in the world which cannot be carried by confidence. After a moment's hesitation she crossed the hall and flung a door open. I entered an old-fashioned parlour. I gave her my card. She seemed impressed.

"I will tell Mr. Smithson, my lord," she said, civilly.

"Now who the dickens is Smithson?" I wondered.

He was by my elbow while I did so. I had not heard him come, but there he was, a smooth-faced restless-eyed fellow with a chronic smile, and a superfluity of teeth phenomenally white.

"Mr. Massey is not well this morning, my lord," he said, obsequiously. "Can I take any message from your lordship?"

"He is not out then?"

Smithson shrugged his shoulders and displayed his teeth as if to acquit himself of all responsibility in that particular lie.

"He will be sorry to miss you," he said.

"I will call again."

He made another deprecating gesture as if to imply that should I do so my trouble would possibly be unrewarded.

"Your master is a dentist?" I remarked, in the hall.

"Pardon me, my lord, I am not at liberty to talk of my master's affairs," he said, suavely.

Just then a voice shouted hoarsely:

"Smithson, for God's sake let me out. I can't stand it any longer, I shall go mad."

The cry was repeated with groans and panting breath. Smithson's eyes met mine.

"My master requires me," he said, obviously speeding my departure.

"He seems in pain or some extremity. Go to him. I will open the door myself."

But he would not leave me.

"Oh! I am suffocating—suffocating!" the strangled voice expostulated.

Then the door was shut and locked. I caught the next train back to town. I had walked rapidly to the station. Not more than half-an-hour elapsed between my leaving the house by the front door and passing its rear in the train. I looked into the large room. The dentist's chair was occupied, and by the same grey-haired young man. His face was contorted, his eyeballs strained, his hands clutched the chair-arms with the same lividity of spasm.

The solution of the problem suggested itself. Massey was a lunatic, Smithson his keeper. The chair was a contrivance for restraining him in violent moods. The cries I had heard were thus explicable enough. My interest was now engaged. I set inquiries afoot but could learn little of him. Only people shook ominous heads at the mention of Smithson. I sent him a line. I should be in the neighbourhood shortly, and hoped for the pleasure of making his acquaintance. He replied that he would be delighted to see me.

Smithson eyed me with no favour.

"Are your master's violent fits liable to come on at any moment?" I inquired, as he preceded me across the hall. He turned and stared.

"I think it must be some mistake," he answered, "my master is not a lunatic." He still stared at me.

"He said he had not your lordship's acquaintance. You must be mistaking him for somebody else."

"That I will settle with himself," I

said. He still hesitated as if doubtful about admitting me. I pushed on.

"Lord Syfret," he announced to the old-fashioned parlour. The grey-haired young man came forward, stretching out both hands.

"You do me an honour," he said, nervously. Smithson left us. We plunged into conversation. He was a friendly fellow, and seemed flattered by my visit. I apologised for the intrusion. I was a person burdened with leisure and a bit of a busybody. I had remarked his house from the railway. Its quaint appearance had interested me. Had it any story? Might I go into the garden? Might I see his studio?

"My studio?" he questioned, fixing his prominent roving eyes on mine.

"I take the large room with the top-light to be a studio?" He seemed sobered.

"I do not paint," he said. He was a stockbroker, and had spent the greater part of his life in America. He had no friends in England.

"You shall see the room if you wish it," he said, a shade reluctant.

I wished it. As I had gathered from passing glimpses, it was a great bare room with nothing in it but the chair. I observed it surreptitiously. I would not hurt his feelings by being seen to remark it.

It was the most complicated piece of mechanism I had ever chanced upon. It bristled with clamps and devices.

We stood staring about the room. Somehow our eyes turned always on the chair. I could scarcely keep it off my lips.

"You have a pretty view," I said, still staring at it.

At length he broke out, nervously:

"You are looking at the chair?"

I scanned him closely. The mention of it was calculated to excite him. But he was quiet enough. Only his expression sobered, his lips twitched.

"It looks like a dentist's chair," I said, tritely.

"It is a dentist's chair." He added under his breath: "Don't ask me about it."

"Certainly not, if you do not wish it. Let us go into the garden." But he still stood there.

"You never before saw a chair like it," he asserted, jealously.

A new idea struck me.



"BEHIND ME ALL WAS SILENCE"

"It is an invention of your own?"

He turned on me peevishly. "You said you would not ask!"

"Pardon; let us go into the garden."

But he did not move. Suddenly he broke out. "I invent it! No, thank Heaven, it wasn't so bad as that."

He was growing agitated.

"Let us go into the garden," I said a third time.

He stood irresolute. He passed a thin hand over his brow.

"No, it was bad enough," he muttered. "Heaven knows it was bad enough, but it wasn't as bad as that." He looked furtively about the room. "I have never told anybody," he began.

I waited.

After a pause. "That chair nearly cost me my life." From under his faded hair a sweat-drop rolled and, gathering moisture as it travelled, trickled down over his forehead and fell on his hand. He took out his handkerchief and mopped his face. "It cost me my health and peace of mind," he muttered.

Suddenly he looked me in the face with a wild appeal.

"Do you think a man might go mad brooding over things?"

"I should think a man who recognised the possibility would not be such a fool as to brood over things," I said firmly.

"O, it's so easy to talk," he muttered, staring at the chair. He took a key from his pocket and slipping it into a triangular opening, turned it.

With a whirring click a lever slid down slowly from its place, the seat tilted, the flanges revolved. Then the chair flung wide its arms with the suggestion of a steel embrace. I thought of a certain metal "maiden" of Inquisition fame. He motioned me toward it.

"Will you try it?"

I declined with thanks—to his surprise. He stepped on to the platform with alacrity and seated himself.

"Lock it," he said, handing me the key.

I slipped it into the aperture and turned it.

Immediately the former process was reversed. The seat levelled, a series of plates jointed like armour closed down over his extended arms, a collar of iron gripped his throat, a steel thorax shut its two halves across his chest. He smiled me a pale smile from out of a vizor of iron.

"Isn't it marvellous?" he questioned.

"Devilish," I replied.

"I cannot move hand nor foot. You might cut my throat and I couldn't lift a finger."

Suddenly his expression changed. His eyeballs started. His skin took on a greenish pallor. Though he could not stir, his hands purpled under the tension of his muscles. He was the man I had seen from the train.

"For Heaven's sake let me out!" he gasped. "For Heaven's sake!"

I turned the lock. The chair flung wide its iron chest and arms. With a bound he leapt out vaulting to the other end of the room. If ever joy painted itself on a poor wretch's face, it painted itself on his. He shook me by the hand.

"Thank God!" he gasped, "It took me too soon. I must be losing my nerve."

"To tell the truth," I said bluntly, "you are a fool to play with your nerve in such a fashion."

In the garden he explained.

"The chair belonged to a friend of mine. Indeed, it was his invention. He spent years perfecting it. He was an American dentist, not very well off—an ingenious chap. He invented it so that he should not need an assistant in operating. The patient was absolutely controlled, and the operator unhindered. It was in America it all happened. He found it a great assistance to him, and was doing well. Indeed, he was doing too well. He was doing the work of three men.

Having been awake all night with toothache I took my way to him one morning.

"He had just moved into a new house. He was on the point of marrying a girl he had been fond of for years and was looking forward to happiness.

"As I went up the steps that morning I was surprised to meet him coming down. He had a travelling-bag in his hand.

"'Hallo!' he said.

"'Hallo!' I answered.

"'I'm just off to Newport for a week. The heat has been so terrific I'm dead beat. Doctor says another few days without a rest might do for me.'

"A man with a toothache is no Christian. 'For goodness sake,' I begged him, 'turn back and relieve me of this aching fiend.'

"He was a good-hearted chap. 'Why,

certainly,' he agreed, 'I can do it and yet catch my train. I'm well on time.'

"He unlocked the door, and we went in.

"'It's homicidal weather,' he said, 'and as I was going, I've given the servants a week off. There's not a soul in the place.'

"'Chair answering?' I asked, as I took my seat in it.

"He flushed proudly. 'I've taken out a patent. I showed it at the Dental Society's meeting last night. Congratulate me on a fortune.'

"He turned the key. For the first time I was locked in. It isn't altogether a pleasant sensation." "What do you want, Smithson? No, I did not call, but you can bring some wine."

He waited for the wine with curious, absent eyes. Then he went on with his story.

"Well, I was locked in. I lay back as if I had been in a vice, my mouth was gagged open. I could not move a muscle. Would you not like to test it?"

I shook my head.

"You will never altogether realise what I felt.

"I heard him cross the room behind me. I heard him coming back. You know the sensation? I was aware he was trying to hide a demon of a forceps in the palm of his hand. I braced myself for the wrench. I wondered vindictively why teeth had not been otherwise planned.

"Just as I thought he was on me I heard a stumble, a thud, a groan. I thought he had tripped.

"'Hurt yourself, old boy?' I asked.

"There was no answer. Only a deep, catchy breathing. 'He must have hurt himself a good deal,' I thought.

"The breathing grew quieter. I repeated the question. Instinctively I tried to turn—an impossibility, of course.

"'I hope you are not badly hurt,' I said, 'I can't go to you.'

"Still there was no answer. He must have seriously hurt himself. I mentally confounded the chair which held my head immovable. Then I spoke to him again. With no result. There was nothing to believe but that he had fainted. The breathing was now so quiet as to be almost inaudible. The necessity of freeing myself, so that I might go to his assistance, wrestled so

urgently with my inability to do so that I was on the verge of strangulation. With an effort I controlled myself. There was nothing to be done. Of the two, though he were insensible, I was by far the more powerless, for I was dependent on his aid before I could lift a finger. There was nothing for me to do but to wait. I waited. With how little patience you may guess. A clock in the room struck ten. It had 'tinged' the half hour after nine as I entered. I fairly groaned with vexation. Poor Newby would lose his train. Why the deuce had I not let him take himself off? My tooth could have waited, or have found another extractor. Into what a business my impatience had plunged us! I grew serious as to how far he might have injured himself. Possibly even when he should recover consciousness he might not be in a condition to release me. He might in falling have broken, or at least have dislocated, a bone. A hundred harassing probabilities occurred to me. I fumed and fretted, straining my eyeballs vainly to this and that side trying to catch a glimpse of him. I could still hear him faintly breathing. The stretched muscles of my gagged jaws began to throb and ache. I tried to call, but the throat has little power when the mouth is stretched, and the gag choked my voice. Moreover, I remembered that the house was empty. He had sent his servants away for a week. There was nothing for it but to wait. I waited. The clock on the table struck eleven. Half-a-dozen clocks outside reiterated the fact. It was eleven o'clock—eleven o'clock on a summer's morning. The world on the other side of the window was astir and busy. I could hear men's steps beat the pavement. They seemed to be leaving us behind. The rattle of cabs and clack of horse's hoofs mocked the dull stillness of the room. I stretched my ears for sounds of my poor friend's returning consciousness. I even dreaded that return lest it should prove him incapacitated. In that case what in the wide world were we to do? I put the thought away. Heaven knew I needed my wits to keep me from bruising myself against my iron bonds. I found myself cursing the evil genius of Newby's ingenuity with more intensity than reason. The clocks struck twelve. By this time the breath-sounds were



scarcely perceptible. Heavens! Was he dying? Was he dying for the need of help? Dying with a strong, whole man, and that man his good friend, within a yard of him? For a whole half-hour I shouted at the top of my voice; ~~shouted, indeed, till my~~ voice was a mere rough thread in my rasped throat. The sounds of life outside went on with a brisk indifference that seemed brutality. Was there no power, no telepathy of human sympathy, that should communicate to some of those outside that within the room whose window stared at them, a man lay, it might be dying, while another, gagged and bound, strove with unspeakable torment to go to his aid. The hours wore on. The horrible dread of listening for them, and learning from their iron tongue that another sixty minutes had closed down like an inexorable door between the man I had been in the morning—the free man, with no worse trouble than an aching tooth—and the bound, helpless wretch I then was, became intolerable. Sound, thought, feeling, merged in confusion. My brain throbbed in my ears, my blood beat in my veins; I could hear it like waves on shingle. Out of the confusion I distinguished nothing. The steps outside, the faint breathing, the striking clocks—all were lost in a curious hustling dread. I must have fainted. I awoke to a sense of surprise. But the torture of my constrained position left me but shortly in doubt. My lips and cheeks seemed cracking under the stretch of the gag. Like some swollen horror my dry tongue filled my mouth. Behind me all was—silence."

He stopped and looked me wildly in the face.

"Do you think I shall forget it if I live to be eighty?—the horror of that moment when I listened for his breathing, for his movement, and heard—nothing!"

He sat panting like one spent with running. I poured out and passed him a glass of wine.

"The sun was levelling. It shot in presently beneath the blind and stabbed my starting eyes. Its hot glare turned me sick. It seemed to be searching the room with a lurid inquisitiveness. Presently I thought it halted, resting stationary, with a dull astonishment, on something I could not see; something

behind me that I could not see, but felt with a horrible intensity. Again I shouted as well as my stiff jaws and swollen tongue would let me. I sent cry after cry into space. My voice was strange and hoarse. It put me in a panic to hear another man's voice shouting out of my throat. But nobody heard. There was nobody to hear. Each man tramped over the pavement, bent on his own pursuits. Just while the sun illumined us, had anybody turned his head, he might have seen me through the wire blind—a man in torture.

"But nobody turned his head. Night came, and with it a measure of coolness. The dusk was grateful to my nerves and eyes; and I had a hope that when the passers-by had taken their clattering footsteps home, I might, by Heaven's kindness, make myself heard. But by the time the silence came I had no voice to be heard. It was as much as I could do to draw my breath between my swollen lips. The night silence brought out that other silence into which I listened for his breathing. If I could only have caught a glimpse of him! If I could only have seen the reality rather than the horrible phantasies my mind began to conjure! I pictured him bruised and contorted, I pictured him weltering in blood; I pictured him lying, kneeling, sitting. I pictured him conscious and cunning, standing above me with a whetted knife. It came to me that he was not really dead, but had gone suddenly mad. I could feel him crouching close behind me waiting for the moment. I could hear him steal about the room. I strained my eyes to see his head come suddenly over my shoulder, his eyes glare into mine. I could feel his hot breath on my cheek. It was a trap. It was the devilry of one with homicidal mania. This was the motive of his horrible chair. This was the object of his years of planning. How many men before me had been his victims? The room seemed peopled with them.

They stared from every corner. They laughed with ghastly laughter at another dupe. I wondered if he would kill me outright, or leave me to die in the chair. I called to him to cut my throat and end it. I thought he chuckled. Again I was sure he was dead. And I was afraid of him—afraid of the grisly thing that lay so still behind me. I had rather



"ARE YOU GOING TO SIGN, YOU FOOL?"

he lived and stood by me with whetted knife. He was more fearsome dead and girt with the horrors of violent death than he was fearsome as an assassin, breathing, intelligible, and murderous.

"He seemed to me to lie there lifting his clammy hands with the continuous impotent movement of corpse hands stirred by a tide. I could hear them beat the carpet, rising and falling with rhythmic thud. Then I went back to the beginning. He was not dead, but something had fallen on his face—something that his faintness prevented him from removing, yet left him conscious enough to know that he was suffocating. I pictured the long, full breath he would draw if I but turned and freed him. I drew that breath for him, instinctively. I suffocated. I struggled in my bonds to turn and free him. I rasped my wrists and limbs till they were raw, trying to turn and free him. Then it was nose-bleeding—he had suffered sometimes from nose-bleeding. He was dying of that, dying for need of the simplest aid. The room swam red. It streamed before me in crimson jets. Could any man's body hold so much blood? It rose and rose and lapped my face. Again I heard him lift his body dully in the dark. He came dragging himself round to look me in the face. His chill hands swept my forehead, importuning me. My hair lifted on my scalp. Why had I come between him and life? Why had I robbed him of happiness? His spirit moaned about the room. I prayed for his knife at my throat. Only let it end; let it end. A thousand times he crossed the room as I had heard him cross it, to return with feet that at first were light, then dragged, then halted and passed into that sickening thud. He seemed to try so hard to reach me, returning again and again and starting afresh for my chair. A thousand times I held my breath, hoping he had reached me, when he tripped and fell—fell with that sickening thud.

"His children came, the children that might have been his, and looked at me with phantom eyes. I could not turn my face from them. Anything that liked to come might come and stare at me; I could not turn my face."

I interrupted him. The man was possessed. The veil between him and madness was stretched to cracking point.

"How did it end?" I asked.

He started and stared.

"How did it end?" I insisted.

"Let me tell it," he said peevishly. After some moments of childish petulance during which he weakly whimpered. "It went on three whole days and nights," he said, moistening his lips. "In lucid moments I knew he was dead. The odour of death and dissolution in that hot terrible room became intolerable. I was without food or drink. I could not sleep. I could not call. I could only think and feel—such thoughts, such feelings! I only knew of that which lay and decomposed behind my chair. I am only thirty. But do you wonder my hair is grey? I had intervals of unconsciousness thank Heaven, prostration and delirium. Hunger and faintness do that for a man.

"In the small hours of the fourth morning, while it was still dark, a noise at the window aroused me. I wonder I was still alive; but men take a good deal of killing. At first I thought it fancy. I had had so many fancies. But I heard a sound as of bitten glass, then the hasp of the window flew back, the sash was raised. Between my swollen lids there came a glare of light. Black things flitted on the ceiling. I heard whispering. I thought they had come to kill me. The scalding water of my tears ran down my face as I thanked God they had come to kill me. It seemed hours they were stealing about the room, with hoarse whispers. I could only see their shadows on the ceiling. How many there were I could not say, but a hundred heads at least passed blackly over the ceiling.

"Then my tears ran cold. They were only shadows. It was only another phantasy. My imagination was at play again. I hurled wild imprecations at the shadow heads. 'You are not, you are not!' I cried to them out of my voiceless throat. 'You do not deceive me, I know you are not.' Then a horrible face—a face half black, half white, leaned over me. A hoarse cry broke in my ears. Soon two horrible piebald faces leaned over me. A second cry came, a third, and they stood panting there. One touched the thing beside me with his foot.

"'Both dead,' he muttered, as one balked of prey. I mustered all my strength and moaned. They made for

the door. My despair and desolation nerved me.

"For God's sake, cut my throat!" I groaned. I heard them turn back. Then I knew nothing more till I found myself in hospital. I had been rescued by burglars, and three weeks mad.

"When I was well I knew the truth. Newby had died that morning of an apoplectic seizure. Nothing could have saved him, the doctors said."

"Why did you not have the chair destroyed?"

He turned on me angrily.

"It is my only comfort. I recompense myself for past misery by multiplying the joys of release. I have a man, a faithful fellow—the only other person besides yourself who knows my story. I get him to lock me in, leave me, and then, when I have worked myself to the limits of terror, believing myself deserted, he lets me out. The joy of release is the only joy left to me. I need and allow myself no other indulgence."

I had been making up my mind.

"Are you a good sailor?"

He was. By superhuman eloquence I persuaded him to consent to a voyage in my yacht. I was starting next morning. I am no philanthropist, but a man's sanity is worth saving. An hour after I had left the house I went back to it. There was a look on Smithson's face when told to pack that had remained with me. I went by the side-door round into the garden. As the annex came into view Smithson appeared at the window. He was smiling unpleasantly. The room was lighted. Massey was in the chair. (Was the fool worth saving?) Smithson turned presently into the room. I made my way to the window, and stood in the shade of a shrub.

"I'll have the gag," I heard my king of idiots say. "I want to get up a real good sensation. It's the last I'll have for a time."

I heard the click of metal.

"Now go," Massey mumbled, "and keep me a long time to-night."

But Smithson went not. On the

contrary, he turned and flicked his victim in the face.

"Not before we've arranged a bit of business," he said, jauntily. "Now then, young man I've put up with you a good many months, and you're a-going to send me adrift are you?"

Inarticulate dissent from Massey.

"O! yes you are. Syfret's got hold of you. You've passed out of my hands. There'll be no more chair and



"FALLING FOUL OF THE CHAIR"

gags for you I can see plainly. But I am going to be paid for all my trouble. Fifty pound a year hasn't paid me, I can tell you. I shall loose your right hand for you to sign this. If you don't—well, you've been locked in here before, and you know how you like it. There'll be no one in the house. Bess and me was married this morning, and we're off to America by the night boat. If you was to refuse to sign, I should lock all the doors and windows and put

up the shutters. I've told everybodyt we're all going a voyage. And you need not look for burglars this time. There's nothing in the house to take, Bess and me has seen to that. Now then, are you going to sign, you fool?"

Massey managed to query through the gag; "How much?"

"Only five thou'. You could spare ten easy. But I'll do with five."

Massey groaned. But, of course, he relented. What else could he have done?

I went in behind Smithson while he was busy with the lock. I set my knee against his back and threw him. He fell heavily, striking his head. He was safe for some minutes. In those minutes I released Massey. Together we lifted the rascal into the chair and turned the key. It was a capital contrivance for extracting truth. We discovered the whereabouts of the plate and other

hings Mr. and Mrs. Smithson had appropriated. With some of them she was waiting in the kitchen. Then I let him out and bundled him into the road. When I went back, I discovered Massey with a pitchfork falling manfully foul of the chair. He raised his weapon high. He brought it down with violent invective. He banged and battered till the clamps and flanges were a homogeneous mass; he ripped its velvet cushionings, and broke its arms and legs. With a fell and final swoop he hurled himself upon it and smote the gag with such a blow that it bounded across the room, and breaking a pane of glass, whirled into the garden.

Anybody seeing him would have taken him for nothing less than a homicidal maniac. Yet this murderous attack of his was about the first symptom of sanity I had remarked in him.





## The "Ludgate" Prize Competitions.

**M**R. H. F. RICKETTS, Santa Fé, Argentina, receives the photographic medal for a picture with a history which he tells as follows: "I am afraid the photograph I send you will be too late for the competition, but it will cost me a forty mile gallop to catch the mail to-morrow, and 'taking one consideration with another' it would be kind of you to give me a few days' grace. The picture represents a near squeak a friend and I had of getting—let us say—singled. I had taken my hand-camera tied to my saddle for the purpose of obtaining a snapshot of a fire on the prairie within a mile of my ranch, and my friend had accompanied me. We were riding on one side of the fire admiring the spectacle at a respectable distance, when, without warning, the wind which had been driving hard from the north, went round to the south, and blew a regular 'Pampero,' and dashed the flames towards us. Never had I imagined that fire could travel at such a speed: it simply flew over the ground.

The roar of the water exploding in the rushes was terrific. Of course we galloped for our lives—and such galloping! On an ordinary occasion a trot would be too fast for the prairie, where the vegetation rose above our horses' heads. A fall would have meant—well, that we would have come in a bad second; but neither horse stumbled even. Luckily there was no smoke, or hardly any, but there was a great wall of flame and the heat became well-nigh unbearable. For an hour we rode like mad, and the grass began to get shorter, till we emerged at last into what might almost be called an open camp. Then I thought of a photograph; and, loosening my reins, I was ahead of my chum in a second. Taking my camera from its case, I 'snapped'—and the result is what you see. It conveys little idea of the reality, but to me it brings back vividly one of the warmest gallops I have ever experienced." The Editor of the *Ludgate* is certain none will grudge his or her fellow-reader, Mr. Ricketts, the medal forwarded to him.



FIRE ON THE PRAIRIE: MEDAL  
By H. F. RICKETTS, *Santa Fé, Argentina*



"THAT'S YOU": COMMENDED  
By J. PULLAN, *Oundle*



HARVESTING ON THE BRAES OF CARSE, PERTHSHIRE: COMMENDED  
By WILLIAM BERTIE, *Dundee*



A MILL IN THE MIDLANDS: COMMENDED  
By J. W. LETHBRIDGE, *Wellingborough*



SEASIDE PLAYMATES: COMMENDED  
By SAMUEL RICHMAN, *Sefton Park, Liverpool*



## THE BEST SHORT STORY

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OF the stories sent in, the only one which had the requisite literary merit was unsuited in subject.

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## THE BEST SET OF VERSES

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### MOON MAGIC.

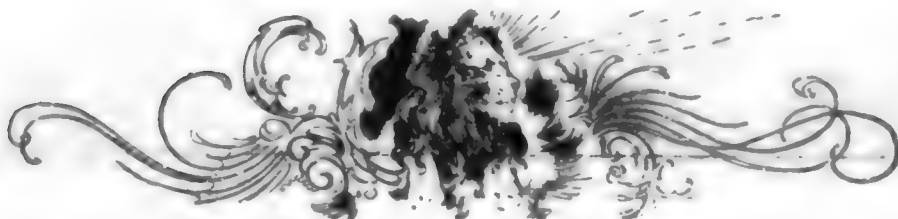
By ADA SMITH, *Reichsstrasse, E., III., Dresden, Germany*

OUTSIDE the quiet landscape lies  
 A temple underneath the moon;  
 Mystic with light the woodlands rise,  
 The small brook whispers out its tune  
 Unto the daisies' white shut eyes.

Magic and mystery are shed  
 Upon the hills and dreaming sheep;  
 Earth, kneeling with bent moonlit head,  
 While all her careless children sleep  
 With sacramental dew is fed.

Deep peace of adoration fills  
 The valley, consecrating it,  
 And with a throb of singing rills  
 Hidden within their bosom, sit  
 The old sweet reverential hills.

God walks His temple glades to-night,  
 And all the dropped flower-faces shine,  
 In forest glooms the ways are bright,  
 The silence is a voice divine,  
 Earth lies at worship in His sight.





BY FRANCIS WATT.

I PROPOSE to examine the witchcraft cases in the huge collection of State Trials in Howell's twenty-one bulky volumes. The general subject, even in England, is too vast for detailed treatment here: also it is choked with all manner of absurdities. In a trial some of these are pared away: you know what the people saw, or believed they saw, and you have the declarations of the witches themselves. Only five cases, all between 1616 (13 Jac. I.) and 1702 (1 Ann.) are reported. The selection is capricious, for some famous prosecutions, as that of the Lancashire witches, are omitted; but it is fairly representative.

In the early times witchcraft and sorcery were left to the Church. In 1541, 33 Hen. VIII., C 8, made both felony without "benefit of clergy"; and by the 1 Jac. I., C 12, all persons invoking any evil spirit, or taking up dead bodies from their graves to be used in any witchcraft, sorcery, charm or enchantment, or killing or otherwise hurting any person by such infernal arts, shall be guilty of felony without "benefit of clergy," and suffer death. King James's views on witchcraft and his skill (whereon he greatly plumed himself) as a witchfinder are famed. Royal influence went hand-in-hand with vulgar superstition. In less than a century and a-half, legal if not popular ideas were altered, and in 1736, by the 9 Geo. II., C 5, the laws against witchcraft were swept away, though charlatans professing the occult sciences were still punished as cheats.

I pass as of little interest the first case in Howell, that of Mary Smith, in 1616. More worthy of note are the proceedings against the Essex witches, some twenty in number, condemned at the Chelmsford Sessions on the 29th of July, 1645,

before the Earl of Warwick and other Justices. One noted witch was Elizabeth Clarke, to whom the devil had appeared "in the shape of a proper gentleman with a laced band, having the whole proportion of a man." She had certain imps whom she called Jarmara ("a white dogge with red spots"), Vinegar Tom, Hoult, and Sack and Sugar. So far the information of Matthew Hopkins of Manningtree, gent., who further said that the same evening whereon the accused confessed these marvels to him, "he espied a white thing about the bignesse of a kitlyn," which bit a piece out of his greyhound, and in his own yard that very night "he espied a black thing proportioned like a cat, only it was thrice as big, sitting on a strawberry bed, and fixing the eyes on this informant."

John Sterne, gent., had equal wonders of imps the size of small dogs, and how Sack and Sugar were like to do him hurt. 'Twere well, said the malevolent Elizabeth, "that this informant were so quick, otherwise the said impe had soone skipped upon his face, and perchance had got into his throate, and then there would have been a feast of toades in this informant's belly." The witch, Clarke, ascribed her undoing to Anne Weste, widow, here usually called Old Beldam Weste, who, coming upon her as she was picking up a few sticks, and seeming to pity her for "her lameness (having but one leg) and her poverty," promised to send her a little kitten to help her. Sure enough, a few nights after two imps appeared, who promised to "help her to an husband who should maintain her ever after." A country justice's notions of evidence are not even to-day supposed to be exact; what they were then, let the information of Robert Tayler, also of Manningtree, show. It seems Clarke



had accused one, Elizabeth Gooding, as a confederate. Gooding was refused credit at Tayler's for half-a-pound of cheese, whereupon "she went away muttering and mumbling to herself, and within a few hours came again with money and bought a pound of cheese of this informant." That very night Tayler's horse fell grievously ill and four farriers were gravelled to tell what ailed it, but this portentous fact was noted: "the belly of the said horse would rumble and make a noyse as a foule chimney set on fire." In four days it was dead. Tayler had also heard that certain confessed witches had "impeached the said Elizabeth Gooding for killing of this said horse," moreover Elizabeth kept company with notorious witches—after all which, scepticism was scarce permissible. Rebecca Weste, being a prisoner awaiting trial in the castle at Colchester, confessed how at a witches' meeting the devil appeared to her in the shape of a dog and kissed her. In less than six months he came again and promised to marry her. "Shee said he kissed her, but was as cold as clay, and married her that night in this manner: he tooke her by the hand and led her about the chamber and promised to be a loving husband to death and to avenge her of her enemies."

One Rawbood, had taken a house over the head of Margaret Moon, another of the accused, with highly unpleasant consequences. For instance, Mrs. Rawbood, though a "very tydy and cleanly woman, sitting upon a block after dinner with another neighbour, a little before it was time to go to church upon an Easter Day, the said Rawbood's wife was on a sudden so filled with lice that they might have been swept off her clothes with a stick; and this informant saith he did see them, and that they were long and lean, and not like other lice." More awe-inspiring were the confessions of Rebecca Jones, of Osyth. Some twenty-five years ago she, being in service at Much-Clacton, was summoned one day by a knock at the door, where she saw "a very handsome young man, as shee then thought, but now shee thinks it was the devil." Politely enquiring how she did, he desired to see her left wrist, which, being shown him, he pulled out a pin "from this examinant's owne sleeve, and pricked her wrist twice, and there came out a drop of bloud, which he took off

with the top of his finger, and so departed," leaving poor Rebecca's heart all in a flutter. Some four months afterwards, as she was going to market to sell butter, "a man met with her, being in a ragged sute, and having such great eyes that this examinant was very much afraid of him." He presented her with three things like to "moules," which she afterwards used to destroy her neighbours' cattle and occasionally her neighbours themselves.

In the evidence against other witches there was mention of a familiar called Elimanzer, who was fed with milk pottage, and of imps called Wynowe, Jeso, Panu, with many other remarkable particulars impossible to mention. Now all this evidence was collected before the actual trial in the form of informations upon oath, but the testimony of Sir Thomas Bowes, knight, was given from the Bench during the trial of Anne Weste whom it concerned. He reported that a very honest man of Manningtree passing Anne Weste's door very late in bright moonlight saw four things like black rabbits emerge. He caught one of them, and beat the head of it against his stick, "intending to beat out the braines of it," but without effect; and then he tried to tear off its head, "and as he wrung and stretched the neck of it, it came out between his hands like a lock of wooll"; then he went to a spring to drown it, but at every step he fell down, yet he managed to creep to the water, under which he held the thing "a good space." Thinking it was drowned he let go, whereupon "it sprung out of the water into the aire, and so vanished away." There was but one end possible for people who froze the rustic soul with such pranks. Each and all were soon dangling from the gallows.

The case of the Devon witches tried at Exeter in August, 1682, is much like the Essex business. The informations are stuffed with grotesque horrors, yet it is hard to believe that the accused—three poor women from Bideford, two of them widows—would have been convicted, were it not for their own confessions, which are full of copious and minute details of their dealings with Satan. When brought out to die they were questioned at length by Mr. H—, a nonconformist preacher whose zeal was certainly not according to knowledge. "Did you pass through the key-

hole of the door, or was the door open?" was one query. The witch asserted that like other people she entered by the door though "the devil did lead me upstairs." Mr. H—— went on "How do you know it was the devil?" "I knew it by his eyes," she returned. Again, "Did you never ride over an arm of the sea on a cow?"—an exploit which the poor woman refused to claim. Mr. H——, a little dissatisfied, one fancies, began some devotional exercises, after which two of the women mounted the ladder and were turned off. Mr. Sheriff tried his hand at the one that remained: he was curious as to the shape or colour of the devil, and was answered that he appeared "in black like a bullock." He again pressed her as to whether she went in "through the keyhole or the door, but she alleged the (for a witch) unorthodox and commonplace mode of entry" and so was executed.

Between these two cases one occurred wherein the best legal intellect of the day was applied to the subject, and the final result was the same. In March, 1665, Rose Cullender and Amy Duny, widows, were indicted at the Assizes at Bury St. Edmunds for bewitching certain people. Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, presided. "Still his name is of account." To an earlier time he seemed a judge "whom for his integrity, learning and law, hardly any age either before or since could parallel." William Durant, an infant, was one of the bewitched; his mother had promised Amy Duny a penny to watch him, but she was strictly charged not to give him suck. To what end? queried the court, reflecting on Amy's age. The mother replied: firstly, Amy had the reputation of a witch, and secondly, it was a custom of old women thus to please the child, "and it did please the child, but it sucked nothing but wind, which did the child hurt." The two women had a quarrel on the subject; Amy was enraged, and departed after some dark sayings, and the boy forthwith fell into "strange fits of swoounding." Dr. Jacob, of Yarmouth, an eminent witch-doctor, advised "to hang up the child's blanket in the chimney-corner all day, and at night when she put the child to bed to put it into the said blanket, and if she found anything in it she should not be afraid, but throw it into the fire." The blanket was duly

hung up, and taken down, when a great toad fell out, which, being thrown into the fire, made (not unnaturally) "a great and horrible noise." Then there was a crack and a flash, and—exit the toad! The court with solemn foolishness inquired if the substance of the toad was not seen to consume? and was stoutly answered "No." Next day Amy was discovered sitting alone in her house in her smock without any fire. She was in "a most lamentable condition," having her face all scorched with fire. This deponent had no doubt as to the witch's guilt, "for that the said Amy hath been long reputed to be a witch and a person of very evil behaviour, whose kindred and relations have been many of them accused for witchcraft and some of them have been condemned."

Elizabeth Pacy was another bewitched child. By the express direction of the judge, Amy Duny was made to touch her, whereupon the child scratched the Old Beldam's face till the blood came—a portentous fact, for everybody knew that a bewitched person would naturally scratch the tormentor's face and thus obtain relief. The father of the child, Samuel Pacy (whose soberness and moderation are specially commended by the reporter), then told how Amy Duny thrice came to buy herrings, and, being as often refused, "went away grumbling, but what she said was not perfectly understood." Immediately his child Deborah fell sick, whereupon Amy was set in the stocks. Here she confessed that, when any of her offspring were so afflicted, "she had been fain to open her child's mouth with a tap to give it vitals," which simple device the sapient Pacy practised upon his brats with some effect, but still continuing ill they vomited "crooked pins and one time a twopenny nail with a very broad head, which pins, amounting to forty or more, together with the twopenny nail, were produced in court," so what room was there for doubt?

The children, continually accusing Amy Duny and Rose Cullender as cause of their illness, were packed off by their distracted father to his sister at Yarmouth, whose evidence was now heard. She narrated how when the younger child was taking the air out of doors, "presently a little thing like a bee flew upon her face, and would have gone into her

mouth." She rushed indoors and incontinently vomited up a twopenny nail with a broad head, whose presence she accounted for thus: "the bee brought this nail and forced it into her mouth"; from all which the guilt of the witches was ever more evident.

Even that age had its sceptics: some people in court, chief among them Mr. Serjeant Keeling, whose position and learning made it impossible to disregard their opinion, "seemed much unsatisfied." The learned Serjeant pointed out that even if the children were bewitched, there was no real evidence to connect the prisoners with the fact. Then Dr. Brown, of Norwich, "a person of great knowledge" (no other, alas! than the Sir Thomas Brown of the *Religio Medici*) made a very learned if confusing dissertation on witchcraft in general, with some curious details as to a late "great discovery of witches" in Denmark. He concluded that the persons were bewitched, but after all this ingenious action did not advance the matter one whit. At last an experiment was made. Amy Duny was brought to one of the children whose eyes were blinded. The child was presently touched by another person, "which produced the same effect as the touch of the witch did in the court." The sceptical Keeling and his set now roundly declared the whole business a sham, which "put the court and all persons into a stand. But at length Mr. Pacy did declare that possibly the maid might be deceived by a suspicion that the witch touched her when she did not." This was the very point the sceptics were making, and was anything but an argument in reply, though it seems to have been accepted as such. And how to suppose, it was urged, that innocent children would tell such terrible lies? It was the golden age of the rod; never was there a fitter occasion for its use. One fancies a few strokes had produced remarkable confessions from the innocents! However, the court went on hearing evidence. The judge summed up with much seeming impartiality, much wooden wisdom, and the usual judicial platitudes, all which! after more than two centuries you read with considerable irritation. The jury upon half-an-hour's deliberation returned a verdict of guilty. Next morning the children were brought to the judge, "and Mr. Pacy did affirm that within less than half-an-hour after the

witches were convicted they were all of them restored." After this, what place was left for doubt? "In conclusion the judge and all the court were fully satisfied with the verdict, and thereupon gave judgment against the witches that they should be hanged." Three days afterwards the poor unfortunates went to their death. "They were much urged to confess, but would not."

Finally, you have this much less tragic business. In the first year of Queen Anne's reign (1702), Richard Hathaway was tried at the Surrey Assizes before Lord Chief Justice Holt for falsely accusing Sarah Morduck of bewitching him. The offence being a misdemeanour, the prisoner had counsel, an advantage not at that time fully given to those charged with felony. The trial reads quite like one in our own day. The case for the Crown had been carefully put together. Possibly the authorities were striking at accusations of and prosecutions for witchcraft. Sarah Morduck had been tried and acquitted at Guildford Assizes for bewitching Hathaway, whereupon this prosecution had been ordered. Dr. Martin, parish minister in Southwark, evidently a divine, able and enlightened, had once saved Sarah from the mob, and so was led on to probe the matter. He found Hathaway apparently blind and dumb, but giving his assent by a sign to the suggestion that he should scratch Morduck, and so (according to the superstition already noted) obtain relief. Dr. Martin brought Sarah and a woman of the same height called Johnson to the room where the impostor lay, seemingly at death's door. Morduck announced her willingness to be scratched, and then the hand of Johnson was put into his. Hathaway was suspicious, and felt the arm very carefully, whereat the parson "spoke to him somewhat eagerly: If you will not scratch I will begone," whereat he clawed so lustily that Johnson near fainted! She was forthwith hustled out of the room, and Morduck pushed forward; but the rogue, fearing a trap, lay still till Dr. Martin encouraged him by his pretended admiration. Then he opened wide his eyes, "caught hold of the apron of Sarah Morduck, and looked her in the face," thus implying that his supposed scratching of her had restored his eyesight. Being informed of his blunder he "seemed much cast down," but his native impudence soon asserting

itself, he gave himself out for worse than ever, whilst Sarah Morduck, anxious to clear herself at any cost, declared that not she, but Johnson, was the witch. The popular voice roundly abused Dr. Martin as a stubborn sceptic. Charges of bribery against him, as well as against the judge and jury who had acquitted Morduck, were freely bandied about. Dr. Martin had got Bateman, a friend of his, to see Hathaway, one of whose symptoms was the vomiting of pins. He was called as a witness, and proved that the rogue scattered the pins about the room by sleight of hand; Bateman had taken several parcels of them, almost by force, out of his pocket. Kensy, a surgeon, further told how Hathaway, being committed to his care, at first would neither eat nor drink; Kensy being afraid that he would starve himself to death sooner than have his cheat discovered, arranged a pretended quarrel with his maid Baker, and she supplied the patient with food as if against her master's orders. Indeed, she plied him so well with meat and drink that, so she told the court, "he was very merry and danced about, and took the tongs and

played upon them, but after that he was mightily sick and vomited sadly"—but there were no pins and needles! She further told how four gentlemen, privily stored away in the buttery and coal-hole, witnessed Hathaway's gastronomic feats. Serjeant Jenner, for the defence, called several witnesses who testified to the prisoner's abstinence from food for quite miraculous periods. The force of this evidence was much shaken by the pertinent cross-examination of the judge, who asked the jury in his summing up, "Whether you have any evidence to induce you to believe it to be in the power of all the witches in the world, or all the Devils in Hell, to fast beyond the usual time that nature will allow; they cannot invert the order of nature." The jury, "without going from the bar, brought him in guilty." He was sentenced to a fine, a sound flogging, the pillory and imprisonment with hard labour. The last conviction for witchcraft in England was that of Jane Wenham, at Hertford, in 1712. She was respited by the judge and afterwards pardoned. The case is not here reported.







ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. BACON

### DR. MOWBRAY'S PATIENT.

**S**URGEON - COLONEL HEDFORD'S Indian servant, Chundra Dass, looked at his master's breakfast table one morning when he came to clear away and began to make remarks in Hindustani, which he always spoke when strongly moved. The Colonel's meal had been a light one, as all his meals had been for some time. Plain living and high thinking is admirable, but if carried too far one begins to think stupidly, and soon one ceases to live. Hence the remarks of Chundra Dass. Translated freely they would read as follows :

"If the Colonel-Sahib will permit the liberty I would say he works too much and eats too little. He must eat more and think less. Then he will be strong, and the heart of Chundra Dass will rejoice exceedingly," and so on.

"He's not far wrong," Hedford said to himself as he pushed back his chair and looked at the untouched dishes on the table, "I have been working too hard and I am really feeling seedy." To Chundra Dass:

"Get my things packed early to-morrow. I shall run down to Merton-on-Sea for a week."

Chundra Dass salaamed, and left the room. The truth was, Hedford had been working night and day trying to discover the bacillus which Viancani, the Hermit of Letterfrack, had used in conjunction with the virus of hydrophobia, and at last he had succeeded. Twice he had been interrupted in his pursuit of the unknown bacillus by pro-

fessional duties, but since his last case he had devoted himself unremittingly to the work. Curiously enough, his researches brought him over much of the ground traversed by the German Koch; and on this plane he thought he had made a great discovery; but he determined to keep it to himself until he was quite sure whether it was a great discovery or a gigantic mistake.

The specialist's naturally spare frame was now thinner than ever. His face was grey and old. The spirit had outrun the flesh; so the flesh should have a chance to catch up. He would take a well-earned rest. His dinner was a failure hardly less pronounced than his breakfast, though Chundra Dass had provided many of those burning delicacies indigenous to India's coral strands. An extra glass of wine had little beneficial effect. After dinner Hedford went to his study, and seating himself in his favourite arm-chair lit a cigar. He looked regretfully round the comfortable room; at his favourite books, his delightful experiments lying half-finished everywhere. All this must be exchanged for the discomfort of a third-rate seaside hotel. The man was depressed and tired out. Presently he fell asleep, and awoke in a couple of hours vastly refreshed. Looking at his watch he saw that it was nearly midnight. His brain was now in a strangely exalted condition. His perceptive faculties were abnormally keen. He reviewed mentally his recent labours, and wondered how he had taken so long to arrive at results



"THE TRICK HIS FANCY HAD PLAYED HIM"

which now seemed so clear. A steamer chair was opposite to him. He had brought it home on his last voyage. This last voyage, in turn, suggested his last visit to India, his *Studies in Indian Toxicology*, and the old native officer, Rissaldu Ali Khan, from whom he had received many a hint.

"I can almost fancy I see his face there upon that chair," Hedford said aloud. And then a strange thing happened. Ali Khan's rather pleasant-looking dark face, which the Colonel had conjured up in imagination, took palpable form; it became gradually paler and less pleasant-looking. The nose grew larger; the eyes changed colour, from dark brown to greenish-grey. The turban disappeared. Rusty

iron-grey hair and square-cut whiskers appeared. Thin, bloodless lips—the transformation was complete. Colonel Hedford lit a fresh cigar and smoked it with deliberation, lazily watching the head, and smiling at the trick his fancy had played him. But a weird sensation began to oppress him—he felt that there was really some personality other than his own in the room. The head was now very clearly defined. Moreover, the eyes in it were watching Hedford carefully. He put out his right hand and lifted a book: the eyes followed the motion. He extended his left hand, and picked up a match-box: the eyes followed his left hand. Their expression betrayed great fear.

"This comes of overwork," Hedford



muttered, feeling his own pulse. It was nearly normal, only a trifle fast. "Bromide of soda is perhaps the best thing in my state. I shall take twenty grains." He measured the dose carefully, and drank off the medicine. Then he rang for Chundra Dass.

Chundra Dass answered the bell at once. He had been alarmed by his master's appearance, and was waiting up.

"I shall now try an experiment," Hedford said, coolly. "Bromide of soda *versus* ghost. I back the bromide." To Chundra Dass he said shortly, "Sit down there, in that chair."

Chundra Dass hesitated. To sit down in the presence of the Colonel Sahib, and in his own special room! But the order had been given, so it must be obeyed. When the Hindoo sat down the head moved up and now appeared to rest on the back of the chair. It

Overhead, the blue sky was white-flecked, with hurrying clouds. Beneath, the great ocean was muttering in its drowsy heave. Two fishing boats, their heads laid well to windward of the foreland, were evidently trying to weather the point. The sunlight falling on their dingy sails turned them into a creamy white. Seagulls floated by on poised pinions.

Hedford's day dream was interrupted by the sound of voices on the cliff above him. A lad and a lass came down the steep path. The girl was extremely handsome. She could not have been more than eighteen or nineteen, and from the joyous but at the same time intellectual expression of her face she was in the pink of physical and mental health. Her companion, a sun-browned lad some few years older in appearance, had "gentleman"—in its true rather than its

gested introspection, not watchfulness nor cunning. The man did not see Hedford until he was close to him. Then he came to a full stop and dropped his walking-stick in sheer amazement.

"I trust, sir, you are not ill," Hedford said, anxiously, for the man's embarrassment was greater than could be accounted for by a chance meeting with a supposed acquaintance.

"Thank you, no sir, nothing but a passing spasm from which I suffer. Heart you know. I take you for a medical man. Think we've met before. Seem to know your face."

"I seem to know your head," Colonel Hedford assented.

The passing spasm must have returned suddenly, for the stranger nearly fell off his feet and was obliged to accept Colonel Hedford's assistance to the seat. Little conversation passed, and in a few minutes the man arose, professed himself restored, and took his leave with courteous gratitude. When he was gone Hedford said to himself:

"This is really very odd. My nerves must be gone to the deuce. That was certainly the head I saw. If I had not taken the precaution to bring Chundra Dass into the room I should certainly think I had only been dreaming. Looks as if I would end a theosophist. Ozone and exercise, however, will soon pull me together."

A few days afterwards the specialist was again on the seat on the cliff. The scene was changed since his last visit. All the vivid colouring was gone; the crested waves, the snowy surf, the brilliant sunshine. The sky was a dull grey and the sea like lead. No well-dressed promenaders appeared on the sands. A chill damp wind blew inwards from the sea. Hedford did not mind it, for he was well wrapped up. But the dreary prospect could not be ignored. It depressed him greatly. One item in his catalogue of mental discomforts remained. It was supplied by the young couple whom he had seen and admired on his first visit to the cliff.

It was the same couple who came along—the same but with a difference.

For just as all the warmth and colour had passed out of the prospect, so had the life and the laughter passed from the young faces. As they passed by, the girl coughed, a dry, hacking cough.

"That means consumption," Hedford reflected. "But let me see: this is only Saturday. On Monday last she appeared in perfect health, and now—it seems impossible. Still, I know the first stage of a churchyard cough when I hear it. Hallo! Here's the head!"



"DROPPED HIS WALKING-STICK IN SHEER AMAZEMENT"

"Good day, sir! An unpleasant change in the weather since we last met here."

"Good-day!" the man answered, rather absently. He was watching the young couple. The lad was taking off his Inverness to wrap the lass against the chill breeze. She protested, apparently, but he would not be denied. It was a very simple thing to do, but there was a solicitude, and even tenderness, in his action which could be discerned at a distance. The cloak was much too long for the girl. She tried to laugh at her appearance in it, the laugh ended in the dry cough.

"Handsome pair!" Hedford remarked, to open the conversation. "Pity of them!"

"Pity of them? Don't see it," the stranger replied, in a somewhat surly voice.

"It is surely a pity of the girl. Quite well on Monday; consumptive cough on Saturday. It is an extraordinary case. What's more, it is not in the Pharmacopœia, so to speak."

"Then it should interest you, Surgeon-Colonel Hedford. You ought to put it there."

"You know my name?"

"I have read it in the papers."

"And you think I ought to take up this case, that there is a case to take up."

"You could not do better than make a case of it." This was said with a sneer that nettled Hedford. He said quietly, but emphatically, as though replying to a challenge:

"Then I will make a case of it, and do it as well as I can, Mr. —"

"Dr. Mowbray."

"Thanks; I did not know your name, though your face is familiar to me."

"This is the second time you have made that statement. Where have you seen my face?"

"In my study; pannelled room; black oak; brass clock and ornaments on mantel-piece; buffalo head between windows. I see you recognise the room."

Dr. Mowbray got up from the seat and said coldly:

"The description of your study is interesting, but I remember an appointment."

"And you remember my study, however you came to see it," Colonel Hedford added mentally.

"Miss Evans, sir, is on a visit to her rich aunt, Mrs. Musgrave, who lives on the esplanade. The gentleman is the old lady's son. He used to come here pretty often to play billiards, but we haven't seen much of him since the young lady came. Thank you sir, much obliged."

Ten minutes after the hall porter of the Pavilion Hotel had given Colonel Hedford this information, Jack Musgrave walked into the billiard-room. Hedford, who had seen him enter the hotel, followed him into the comfortable room. Owing to the rawness of the day, outdoor occupations were at a discount and the tables were all occupied.

"Not much chance of getting a game for some time," Hedford remarked to Musgrave by way of introduction.

"No! Miserable day; every one inside. Do you play?"

"Only a little. Did you walk far round the cliffs this morning. I saw you pass."

Jack Musgrave looked up in surprise. It was rather soon to have his movements discussed by a chance acquaintance. But the Colonel put his hand upon the lad's shoulder, and said, with real kindness in his voice:

"Don't be offended. Perhaps I have an object in my question—a friendly object."

Musgrave's trusting nature was easily captured by so experienced a student of human nature. In a few moments he was pouring all his woes into the ear of this sympathetic stranger, and when he had finished Hedford said directly:

"Will you introduce me to your cousin? I am interested in her case. I am a medical man. This is my card."

"Colonel Hedford, the famous——?"

"Notorious, would be a better word," Hedford put in, smiling. "Now you will understand that I am not actuated by idle curiosity, if I ask you a few questions about your cousin. In the first place, how long has she been ill?"

"About twelve months."

"Permanently ill, or in an intermittent way as at present?"

"Intermittent; one week well the next ill. Now, on last Monday, she——"

"Looked in splendid health. I saw you."

"Well the next day she was wretched, and has been so ever since."

"Your medical adviser is?"

"Dr. Mowbray."

"Who!" Hedford could not restrain the exclamation. But he instantly recovered, and went on as calmly as if he had expected the name.

"Does Dr. Mowbray practice here?"

"O, no. He is from London. He only runs down here to see his patient."

"Often?"

"Too often for my wishes. Though I can't deny that he has acted well, considering everything."

"Considering what?"

"Well, our engagement, for one thing. You must know that Dr. Mowbray proposed to Miss Evans half-a-dozen times, but she never could bear him. Then, when we were engaged, he behaved really handsomely. Withdrew all opposition—he has got some hold over my mother which I never could discover—and wrote such a decent letter; wishing

every happiness and so on. Besides, when Nell took ill and all the doctors in London, or a good many of them, from Sir Joshua Wren down, gave her up, Mowbray pulled her through. All the same she can't endure the sight of him."

"When did she first take ill?"

"Shortly after we were engaged."

"I presume that is all you can tell me?"

"There is only one thing more," Musgrave said, looking very miserable.

"Mowbray says that he can no longer spare the time to look after Nell, and proposes that for her sake I should now give her up to him. Ah! Colonel Hedford," the boy broke out impetuously; "you are absorbed in your profession, and your studies, and your hobbies. You do not know what it is to suffer as I do. You do not know what human misery is."

"Pardon me my young friend. I am, roughly speaking, about twice your age. Therefore I know at least twice as much about it as you do."

"I don't know what to do," Musgrave said more quietly; it seems a sort of wilful murder on my part if I refuse to give her up."

"Nothing of the sort," Hedford said decisively. "Refuse at once and stand by your refusal. And I shall stand by you."

When Surgeon-Colonel Hedford was introduced to Miss Evans he found her very ill, indeed. Her lassitude was so prostrating that she was hardly able to shake it off even momentarily to speak civilly to the distinguished stranger who had called for the express purpose of being of service to her. But then so many distinguished persons had visited her with the same benevolent intention and had gone away without any good

result—save to themselves in the form of a handsome fee—that she was growing sceptical. Still there was something about this specialist which differentiated him from the others. For one thing he wanted no fee. For another he had what the Irish call "a way with him" that sooner or later won over the most obstinate patient. In a little time he had won over Miss Evans and received her fullest confidence. Amongst a good deal of immaterial and slightly irrele-



"HE HAD WON OVER MISS EVANS"

vant matter which she brought under his notice, one fact impressed him strongly. She was afraid of Dr. Mowbray.

"You seem to be—as it were—rather afraid of your doctor," Hedford said guardedly. The girl started, stammered and stopped blankly. Then she said slowly, as if analysing her own inmost feelings while she spoke:

"Yes, I think I am, as you say, afraid of Dr. Mowbray."

"You can give no reason for this strange emotion?"

"No, none whatever. He has been most kind, but still I am afraid of him. I can't help it. I can't explain it. You will think me mad——"

"Not at all; never mind what I think. I never think until I have diagnosed.

And let me tell you, my dear young lady, I have diagnosed more intricate diseases than pneumonia—or even phthisis.

"What have I got?" There was a hysterical entreaty in the question which could not be mistaken. The girl was in great fear.

"That is just what I do not know. But (hastily, for with a despairing gesture she had turned away) I mean to find out."

Hedford secured the last half-finished bottle of medicine which Dr. Mowbray had made up for Miss Evans, and was about to wish the girl good-night in order to hurry to his hotel for the purpose of a hasty and, under the cir-

"My poor child," Hedford said, soothingly, "You must not agitate yourself in this way. Trust me to do my best. I cannot promise anything now, but you will trust me to try?"

"Yes, I will trust you. Only do not be long or you will be too late."

"I think I shall be in time. I have a theory, and my theories have a convenient knack of developing into facts. Good-night! Keep up your heart."

Nell slept well that night. The specialist's cheery words were better for her than Dr. Mowbray's tonic. In the morning she was noticeably better. She could not help humming little snatches of song as she dressed. Surgeon-Colonel

Hedford would have had a warm welcome that morning if he had called at the house on the esplanade. But he was then on his way to London. Dr. Mowbray was in the same train. They travelled in different carriages. But each knew that the other was a fellow-passenger. Hedford knew also that their errands to town were identical, owing to the heavy hand wherewith Dr. Mowbray wrote out his telegram. The tracing was distinctly legible on the next



"SHE SANK BACK ON THE COUCH OVERCOME"

cumstances, perfunctory analysis. He was already intensely interested in his case. Habit is a hard master.

Miss Evans rose as quickly as her strength permitted from the couch on which she was lying, and stood up with a scarlet blotch on either cheek. Seizing Hedford's hands she cried hysterically:

"You will save me, I cannot bear to die and leave them—leave Jack. You will not tell them I said this. I have hidden what I feel from them lest it might add to their pain. Ah! I who could never bear to be alone in the dark—to be alone in the grave! It is too terrible. I am afraid to die!"

She sank back on the couch overcome.

form, which happened to be used by the toxicologist. The latter reached their common destination first. It cost him a couple of guineas in addition to a preposterous price for a broken-kneed cab horse which contrived, with his driver's assistance, to fall at a slippery crossing. It was the fortune of war—which is directed mainly by the freest purse.

When Hedford's interview with the great London brain specialist—on whom he had called prior to Dr. Mowbray—was in progress, he interrupted more urgent business by asking abruptly:

"How do you account for that vision of mine? It must have some scientific or psychological explanation, and I con-



fess it beats me. You must remember I recognised the man, and he recognised me the moment we met."

"The explanation is surely very simple," the specialist answered.

"I'm glad you think so," Hedford put in.

"Nothing simpler. You were both pursuing the same line of investigation. He naturally heard of you, saw your photograph reproduced in the papers. You must have seen his and have forgotten that you had. Look at this." It was a cabinet photograph of Dr. Mowbray, and Hedford remembered at once the occasion when he had seen it.

"Yes, I now remember when and where I saw that. If we could only prove that Mowbray dreamed his head was in my study at the time I fancied I saw it there, it would be an excellent case for the Psychical Research Society. He certainly looked amazed when I emphasised the fact that I knew his *head*. But what are we to do about this girl? In order to compel her to marry him, I believe he is killing her by inches, and he may succeed outright before I am ready with proofs—if I can ever get absolute proofs—on which to found a charge against him."

"That will not be necessary."

"I am glad you think so."

"O, I know it."

"Perhaps you would relieve me by telling me how you know it."

"I shall. Did it not strike you as odd that Mowbray should pointedly challenge you, of all men, to take up this case. You told me he did so in effect."

"Yes, I admit that."

"Well, suppose I tell you that he confided to me—telling the story, of course, as though it applied to a patient of his own—the whole details about this girl and his own treatment of her. And that he asked my advice as how to treat his hypothetical patient—to wit, himself—who was then past, he said, rational action. And——"

"Go on!"

"And that I recommended him to

place the case in your hands in the hope, as I put it, of frightening his mad friend out of his evil practice, which, of course, he declined to do."

"But which he practically did."

"Ah! that was the uncontrollable impulse of the moment—the tendency to do the worst thing possible, which is not unusual in his present cerebral condition. Now you tell me he knew you were coming to me——"

"I took good care he should know it the moment I found that he himself was coming here."

"And your diagnosis bears out what I say, that his hypothetical friend was in reality himself?"

"I can't quite call my surmise a diagnosis. But from the whole circumstances of the case, the medicine and the respirator which the girl gave me, smelling as it does of a mild antiseptic which would be innocuous to the almost impalpable tubercle bacillus, all lead me to the conclusion that he was working something on Koch's method. Of course, there is the important difference that Mowbray knowingly administered as a toxin what Koch erroneously used as an anti-toxin. He infected the girl from time to time with a modified form of consumption, and cured her, or rather allowed Nature to counteract him, as suited his purpose. That is my surmise."

"I quite agree with your surmise as you prefer to call it; and now that Mowbray knows you are on his track, and have come to consult me I should not be surprised at anything he may do."

"Telegram, sir," a man-servant said, entering the consulting room after knocking. It was from the house physician of a famous hospital:

*"Dr. Mowbray just expired. Picrotoxicine."*

Mr. and Mrs. Musgrave possess a large and handsomely-framed portrait of Surgeon-Colonel Hedford. It occupies a place of honour in their reception-room, and the attention of the most casual visitor is drawn to it.

# Tableted Houses.

WRITTEN BY MARY HOWARTH. ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD MACFARLANE.



WHERE FARADAY WAS APPRENTICED

**I**T was in the year 1864 that a letter published in the Journal of the Society of Arts suggested that a prize or prizes should be offered by the Society for a design of memorial tablets to be affixed to the homes of celebrated people, as an outward and visible sign of the talent that once they had harboured. The name of this wise person rests unknown, but the hint led to the practice from that date pursued by the Society, of marking with a round tablet, suitably inscribed, the homes of the dead celebrities in London. These tablets we all know. They are restrained in design, as such memorials should be, perfectly legible, even from a distance, and are dotted about here and there in lane, highway, and open street, upon houses of very varying types. Let us borrow the seven-leagued boots of the giant and in a few moments make a survey of these tableted houses.

The very first to be decorated was the house in Holles Street, Cavendish Square,

in which Lord Byron was born. Byron lived at one time in Bennett Street, St. James's, where he wrote the *Giaour*, the *Bride of Abydos*, and the *Corsair*; also at 139, Piccadilly, the fine house overlooking the Green Park which has been the home of Lord Glenesk for so many years, and which was recently newly fronted. But very properly it is his place of birth that is decorated with the distinguishing mark. While we are in the neighbourhood of Cavendish Square we will visit other houses of note. At 2,

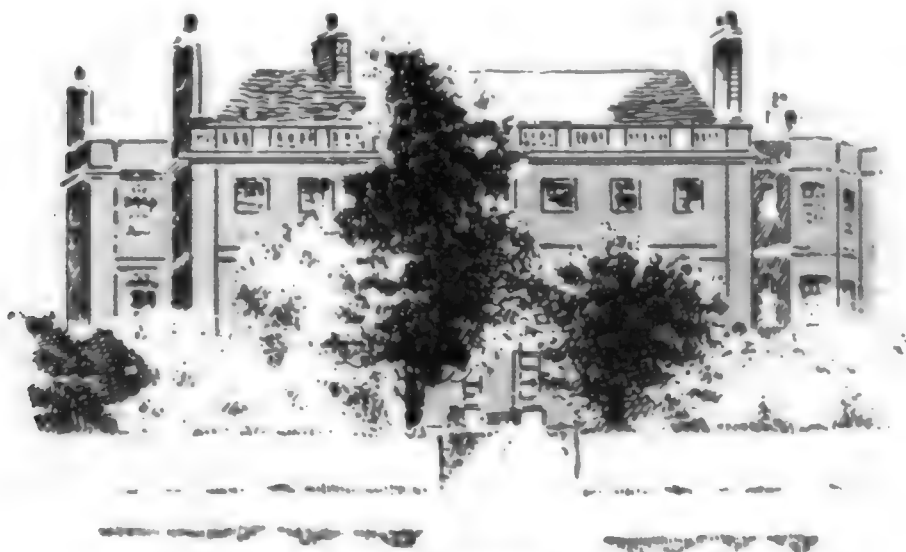


RESIDENCE OF GEORGE CRUIKSHANK

Blandford Street, Portman Square, was apprenticed to a bookseller Michael Faraday, who while binding an Encyclopædia became so absorbed in the reading of an article on Electricity that he determined to pursue science as his future vocation. Bold effort brought him under the notice of Sir Humphry Davy, and led to the distinguished career he afterwards so notably adorned. Faraday lived for the most part at the Royal Institution until he retired to Hampton Court. He died in 1867. In No. 36, Castle Street, East, Oxford Street, we do not see now, as it was in his time, the poor home of the artist, James Barry, because since Barry lived there the house has been much altered. Barry occupied the upper floors of this place through the six-

children of the neighbourhood, among whom he went habitually, armed with a sketch-book, to note down their actions and groupings, and a pocketful of coppers to relieve their distress."

Instead of crossing Oxford Street, we will take a flying leap to certain outlying districts honoured as the abodes of celebrities. Up in Hampstead, upon what was known as Bertram House, now the locale of the North-Western Hospital, is a tablet recording the fact that Sir Rowland Hill, the founder of the Penny Post, lived there. The tablet to his memory was unveiled in June, '93. It is therefore one of the latest, if not the last, erected by the Society of Arts. From Hampstead we go to Hampstead Road, when, at 263, we find a tablet to



WHERE THACKERAY DIED

years of his employment over the decoration of the Society of Arts, setting out at five in the morning and returning at six at night. "His violence was dreadful, his oaths horrid, and his temper like insanity," says one who was brought into contact with him. She little knew, perhaps, the high pressure at which the poor little, "shabby, pock-marked man" worked, nor his unrelenting struggles on a diet of bread and apples to keep the wolf from his miserable door. It is pleasant to speed from this abode of poverty to the prosperous home of John Flaxman, 7, Buckingham Street, Fitzroy Square, where the eminent sculptor lived in the heyday of his popularity, passing his time in a state described as of "great contentment," keeping up an "unpretending hospitality," "beloved alike by pupils, servants, models, and the poor folk and

the memory of George Cruikshank, whose death in 1878 is fresh in the memory of many of us. Cruikshank, whom Thackeray called "a fine rough diamond," was a rigid teetotaller, but, says one of his chroniclers, an essentially "jolly old gentleman"; one who was centred in the literary and artistic life of his times—the friend and illustrator of Charles Dickens. It is a far journey to the tabled homes of the two great novelists of that day, Thackeray and Dickens, but this is an appropriate moment at which to make it. To Kensington, then, we will first of all go, and, leaving the busy High Street at Palace Gardens, enter that secluded region of fine houses, to find in 2, Palace Green, the house in which the great author of *Vanity Fair* breathed his last, at the age of fifty-two, standing, as is surmised, beside his bed—



CHARLES DICKENS' CHAMBERS

at any rate, very suddenly, and alone. "So young a man," wrote Dickens in the *Cornhill Magazine*, "that the mother who blessed him in his first sleep kissed him in his last." It is told of Thackeray that when his fine new home was ready for his occupation, but unfurnished, he gave a big house-warming in it, at which a play was acted "for one night only." This Thackeray had himself written, but he called it on the bill the work of "W. Empty House." Mr. Herman Merivale, who told the story in *Temple Bar*, says: "Humbly I tried to persuade the great man that the joke was unworthy of him; but he insisted that it was wittier than anything in the play, and he would have it. W. M. T. were his initials—that is all. Dear old kindly child." Most of us would be sorry if he had not been allowed to make his foolish, sweet little joke. It brings us into communion with the dear old kindly child as only such little whimsicalities can. When this comely house in its own grounds has been admired, the lover of this great man should cross

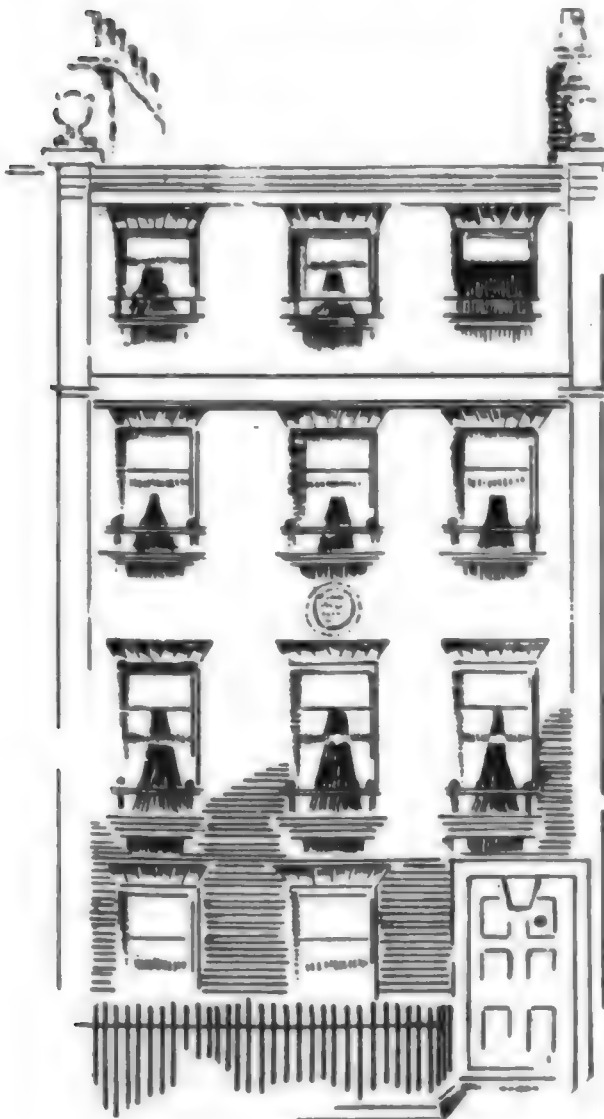
the High Street once more, and, passing down Young Street, pause before the bulging windows of the old-fashioned house on the right-hand side, next door to some modern mansions, and almost opposite the Post-office. This house is not tableted, but it is more full of bitter-sweet memories of Thackeray than the one that is. Here he wrote *Vanity Fair*. The words are scrawled in the stucco beneath one of the windows at the back of the house.

Drearily, sombrely gaunt, the old house in Furnival's Inn tableted to the memory of Charles Dickens is quite unlike one's ideas of the author. But here he wrote the *Sketches by Boz* and the greater part of the *Pickwick Papers*; and here, too, made the acquaintance of Thackeray, who was at that time in doubt as to whether he should turn his talents to drawing or writing, and called upon the author of the *Pickwick Papers* to offer himself as its illustrator. Dickens married Miss Hogarth while he lived in these chambers, but left the Inn two months after the birth of his first son for 48, Doughty Street, a more commodious dwelling.



MRS. SIDDONS' HOUSE

To return to our outlying districts, we find on 27, Upper Baker Street, a tablet recording that this house was once the dwelling of the renowned Sarah Siddons, who lived there after her retirement from the stage, in the enjoyment of an uninterrupted view of Regent's Park, secured to the lady when the park was being laid out through the instrumentality of the Prince Regent. Mrs. Siddons used to occupy much of her time here modelling ("puddling," she called it) in clay. Miss Fanny Burney (Madame d'Arblay) whose house, 11, Bolton Street, Piccadilly, is one that bears a tablet, described the great tragedienne as "in face and person truly noble and commanding, in manner quiet and stiff, in voice deep and dragging, in conversation formal, sententious, calm and dry." "She was a grand artist," states another chronicler, "but a very disagreeable woman." It may be observed here respecting Madame



HANDEL'S HOUSE



SHERIDAN'S HOUSE

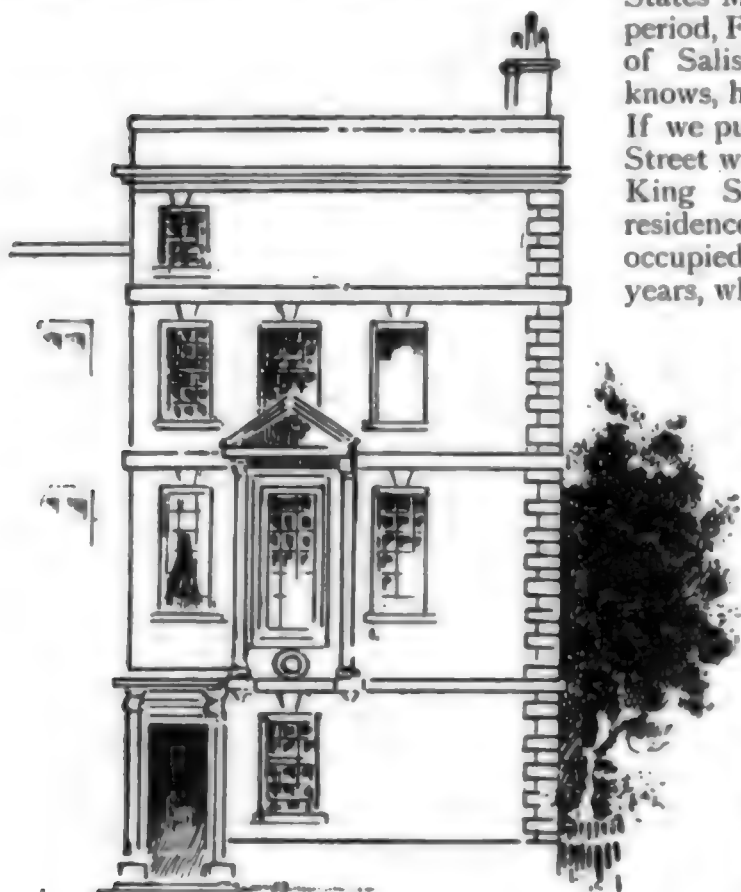
d'Arblay's residence that this was not the house in which her earliest effort, the *History of Caroline Evelyn*, was thrown into the fire by her incensed stepmother, but the home of part of her married life.

In 19, Warwick Crescent, Paddington, we discover the dwelling of Robert Browning. Here the poet settled upon his return to England from Italy after his wife's death, and lived for over twenty years, removing only three years before he died to 29, De Vere Gardens, Kensington.

We will now move eastwards again, and first of all make ourselves acquainted with Handel's dwelling place, No. 25, Brook Street, where for over thirty years the great composer dwelt. After his death his valet rented the house, letting apartments to foreign visitors and making much of the tenancy of his late illustrious master. Thence let us step into New Bond Street, and take particular notice of 147, where Lord Nelson



lived and suffered for three months from the effects of the loss of his arm, constantly in pain and devotedly nursed by his wife; and then betake ourselves to



WHERE PETER THE GREAT LIVED

Conduit Street, where we shall see a tablet on No. 37, announcing that the famous statesman Canning inhabited the house. Owing to the fact that this part of Conduit Street has been tremendously altered since Canning's day, there remain very few points of likeness between the abode as it was then and as it is now. Before leaving this neighbourhood for Arlington Street we should slip into Savile Row, hard by, where the great Richard Brinsley Sheridan lived and died, so frightfully in debt that but for the remonstrances of his physician, the officers of the law would have carried him off in his blankets to the sponging house, a quickly expiring bankrupt.

In Arlington Street we shall discover No. 5 to be tableted. It was for many years the residence of Sir Robert Walpole, and the place of his death, and in succession to him for over thirty years the home of his son Horace. Arlington Street, short as it is, is crowded with reminiscences of the celebrated dead and also with interests that circle

about the illustrious living. In No. 17 lived John Lothrop Motley, the famous author of *The Dutch Republic*, during the short time of his office as United States Minister, and in No. 9, for a brief period, Fox the politician. The Marquis of Salisbury, as, of course, everyone knows, has his town house in this street. If we pursue our way across St. James's Street we shall perceive upon a house in King Street a tablet chronicling the residence therein of Napoleon III., who occupied this dwelling-place for three years, when, as Prince Louis Napoleon,

he was expelled from Switzerland at the demand of the French Government. He and the Russian monarch Peter the Great are the only foreign potentates whose residences have been adorned by medallions. That of Peter the Great is now numbered and named 15, Buckingham Street, Strand. It was in 1697, when occupied by the shipbuilder monarch, known as York House.

Schomberg House, in Pall Mall, now part of the War Office, bears a memorial tablet, because it was for ten years—from 1778 to his death, in 1788—the abode of Thomas Gainsborough. The famous artist

was well placed here, on account of his near proximity to the Court and the fashionable houses of the day. His friend, the illustrious Sir Joshua Reynolds, lived at the same time at 47, Leicester Square, which house he owned. A tablet recalls this fact to the passer-by, while, on the opposite side of the Square, upon No. 30, now Archbishop Tenison's Schools, another has been put up to the memory of William Hogarth, who was no friend of Sir Joshua's, though his opposite neighbour. Hogarth's house afterwards became the residence of two foreign celebrities: Kosciusko, the Polish patriot, and later of the Countess Guiccioli, the romantic Italian of Lord Byron's career.

Round about the Strand crowd so many associations of famous men that it must be difficult to the Society of Arts to abstain from tableting houses wholesale. In St. Martin's Street, to the south of Leicester Square, there is a memorial over No. 35, in honour of Sir Isaac Newton, who lived there from

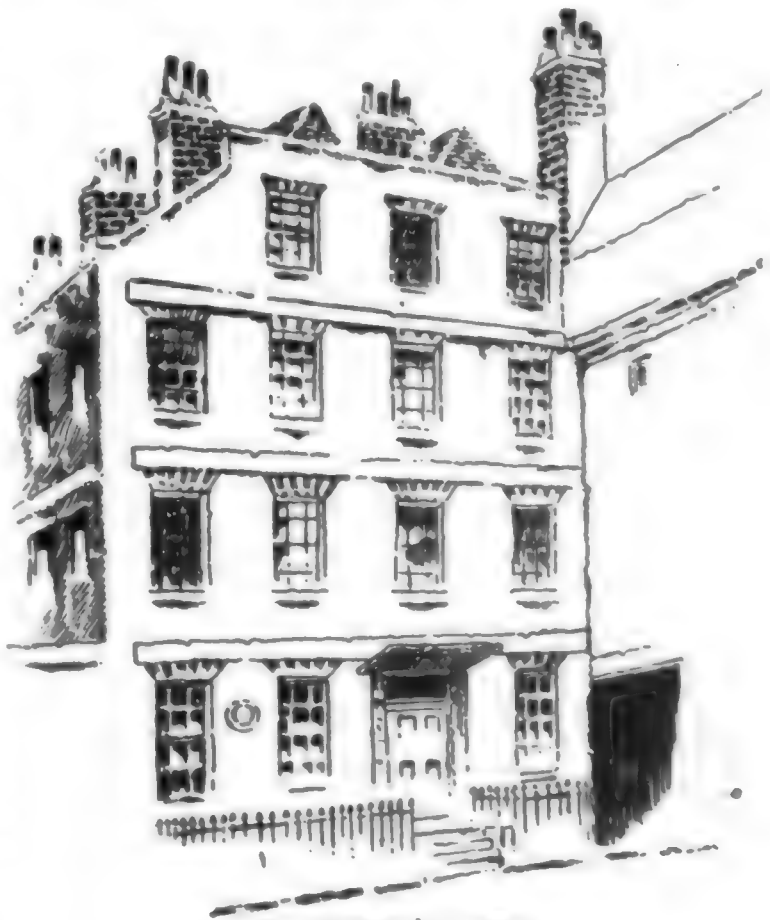
1720 to 1725, and used to say he never spent happier years than those in the observatory he erected for himself on the roof. Strangely enough, it was in this house that Fanny Burney (to whom I have already alluded) wrote her famous novel, *Evelina*, an outcome of the first one that was burned, a book that won for her the friendship and admiration of Dr. Johnson, and a reputation in the world of literature that is bright to this day. Out of the sixteen houses occupied by Dr. Johnson, it may here be remarked, the one chosen for a memorial tablet is 17, Gough Square, Fleet Street, for the very good reason that the others have all either disappeared or cannot be identified. It is appropriate, too, that Gough Square should be immortalised, for here the greater part of the famous Dictionary was compiled, six amanuenses writing at it under the Doctor's guidance in the garret underneath the sloping roof.

The centre house of Adelphi Terrace, Strand, No. 5, is made memorable by its having been the home of David Garrick, the great actor. Here he died, "in the first floor back," from which he was borne to his grave in Westminster Abbey with the utmost magnificence. His widow occupied the same place for the forty-three remaining years of her life, dying one night when fully dressed and ready to go to Drury Lane Theatre. In Craven Street, at No. 7, boarded Benjamin Franklin, where he had his own servant and a negro attendant for his son, both brought from America.

With the addition of three more names I believe my list will be complete—at any rate so far as the Society of Arts acknowledgments of the habitats of famous persons are concerned. Two of these are to be found in Gerrard Street, Soho, and decorate Nos. 37 and 43—the first the residence

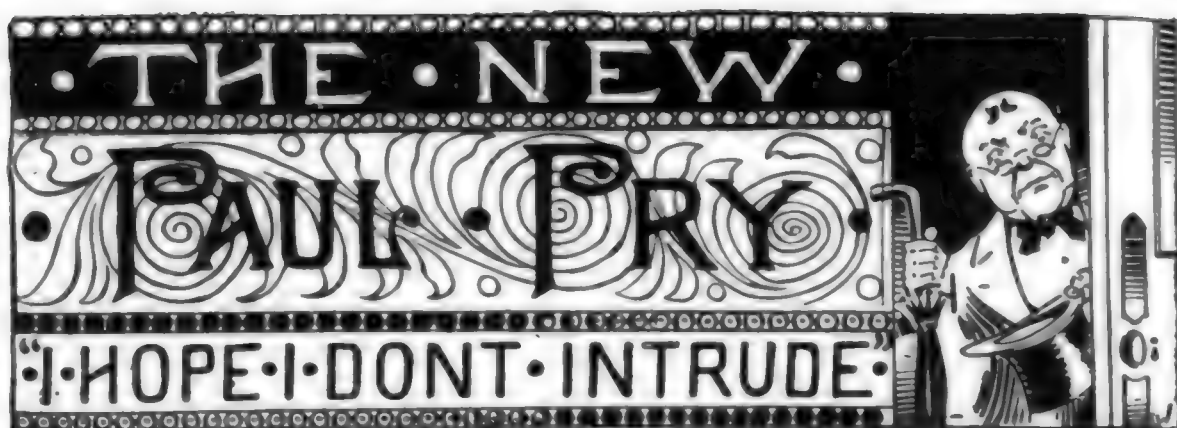
of Edmund Burke, the second that of John Dryden, who (with his wife, Lady Elizabeth Howard) lived here from 1686, and here died. The third is to be seen in Chancery Lane. It is a tablet which indicates the residence (No. 24, Old Square) of John Thurloe, Secretary of State to Oliver Cromwell and author of State papers found in a false ceiling of the house, and published in 1742.

It is unfair to close a paper on the homes of the illustrious dead without referring to the facts that in Little Dean's Yard, Westminster, is inserted a memorial of the famous Alumni of Westminster School, put up by the School authorities, and that, upon the last dwelling-place of Thomas Carlyle,



DR. JOHNSON'S HOUSE

in Cheyne Row, Chelsea—now the Carlyle Museum—the Carlyle Society erected a suitable inscription after the objections of the landlord had been removed. The Sage of Chelsea lived and laboured here for nearly half-a-century.



## TOILERS BY THE THAMES.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. RAINEY.

### THE MINSTREL.

**A**T last, after protracted inquiry of abstracted porters, we assured ourselves that it was the right train, and settled down to our morning newspapers. But the common uncertainty as to the future movements of our train had broken down to some extent that attitude of suspicion which the Englishman customarily maintains with regard to his fellow-passengers; and several of us looked up from our papers when the man nearest the platform window said that it was a fine day for 'Enley—he corrected himself—for Henley.

He was a tall, broad-shouldered man, rather weather-beaten, but well-shaven and very neat. He wore a long drab Newmarket, under which he carried a green baize bag. Several passengers agreed with him about the weather.

"Yes," he continued, as if opening up an entirely new field for discussion; "and what I always say is this—you want a fine day for Henley, or else you're nowhere, so to speak."

"Yes, you're right there," agreed a man in a billycock; "a wet Henley is, as you might say, a gloom over the festivities. It was"—with a sense of triumph at this feat of memory—"wet last year."

This topic was a fruitful one, and several of us joined in it with the utmost animation. The Newmarket Overcoat listened patiently for a few moments, and then put us right as to the weather at Henley last year and the year before that, throwing in one or two recollections of other years when it had rained

all three days, together with personal reminiscences of those which had been remarkable for drought.

"And I ought to know," he added, "seeing that I have visited 'Enley—I should say, Henley—for six-and-twenty years in my capacity as a public man."

We wondered vaguely in what capacity he might be a public man. We were presently enlightened. We had passed Westbourne Park and were going express through Ealing, when he took the green baize bag from under his coat and, unbuttoning it, produced a mandoline.

"And now," he said, "seeing that we have a long journey before us, I shall, try, with your kind permission, gentlemen, to afford you a little amusement by a selection of songs accompanied on the mandoline. We'll first have one of the good old sort."

One or two of his fellow-passengers resumed their newspapers with an expression of being exceedingly sorry that they had so far forgotten themselves as to have been drawn into conversation with a stranger: others listened with feelings of apparent resignation or indignation at this betrayal of their confidence. He sang one or two songs, with a raucous intonation quite different from his rather careful manner of speaking, and then took up a collection. This proceeding put him outside the sympathies of all his fellow-passengers finally, and he seemed in danger of being left to finish the journey companionless, despite the full carriage. But the evident annoyance of some of his fellow-pas-

sengers had a rather humorous aspect, and as he seemed the kind of man with plenty to say, I ventured to offer him an inferior cigar. He was disproportionately grateful, and so glad of an opportunity for conversation that he wasted half a box of matches in re-lighting the cigar. I am not prepared to say that the quality of the tobacco was not in some way responsible for the last-named phenomenon.

"Six-and-twenty years I've been to Henley," he said, "and six-and-twenty years to nearly every regatta on the river—not to mention Ascot and Newmarket, and every big race-meeting in the kingdom."

He was speaking the truth, I am sure; and nearly every well-known name in society was known to him, and one or two rather odd circumstances connected with them. You could not mention a name connected with sport or pastime but he had some odd circumstance linked with it to relate. That famous oarsman he had last played to at a supper given in Audley Street by Captain Blank, who went out to Africa because he couldn't get on with his wife; and that well-known racing lady had given him half-a-sovereign at Goodwood, when, according to the evidence subsequently adduced at the Law Courts, she was staying at her sister's house in town. It was highly interesting. Finally I asked him a question or two about profits of his profession on the river.

"Things are not," he told me, "what once they were. The game used to be to go in a party of three, which I did myself for years—mandoline, harp, and violin. I play the harp myself. But that's all done with now."

"Why?"

"Well," he said, "there are so many of us about. Young fellows have come into the business—young fellows as ignorant as a duck—but they can just knock out a tune or two on a banjo and, of course, they can get on quite as well as us who have spent a lifetime in it. Though I've no cause to complain, for everybody knows me, and, although I say it, is pretty glad to see your humble servant. I have made as much as five pounds in a day, and more than that with a band of three as I have described; but nowadays I sometimes have as much as I want to do to pay my railway fares—which come up to thirty shillings and two pounds a week—some weeks."

He added that he supplemented his income at Henley and Marlow by appearing as an advertisement for somebody's soap.

#### THE SEASON WAITER.

His unwonted assiduity in wiping the crumbs from the shiny cloth-covered table first invited my attention. I caught a gleam of recognition in his eye, and suddenly knew him for the only English waiter at the restaurant where sometimes I got my dinner in town.

"It's beautiful down here in the country, sir," he observed, "How is it in London, if I might ask, sir?"

"Well it's rather dusty, Henry," I replied. "Have you left the Cheshire Cat for good?" There was something rather crumply about his dress-shirt front and something slightly *degagé* about his dusty white tie, which suggested the suspicion that Henry had come down in the world. His dress clothes, too, in the clear open-air daylight looked very shiny. But his answer re-assured me.

"Oh no, sir," said he, "I 'ope to have the honour of waiting on you in the autumn months again: but I frequent come down into the country for the season, being, as you might say, un-'ampered by any family ties, sir."

"Rather a pleasant change."

"Well," he replied, "it is, sir, and it is not, sir, if you understand me, sir. The class of people that you git at some of these riverside resorts is not altogether what you're accustomed to."

"Mixed, Henry?"

"You've 'it it sir, exactly." He seemed exceedingly glad to find some one of his own standing to converse with. "Mixed is the word. You'll 'ardly believe me, sir, but I've took an order here for three 'ot waters and two watercresses from a party as occupied eleven chairs. Not but what I am bound to say that it occurred on Bank 'Oliday: and, Saturdays and Sundays excepted, the company is most respectable. Most."

"You must see a great deal of life, Henry?"

"Yes, sir, you're right there," agreed Henry. "More especial because I go about a good deal in the summer months. It is some years since I have come up the river for the season. As a usual thing I prefer a seaside resort: and, after all, there is no place like Brighton. Upon me word, on the whole, as I might say,



"HENRY"

I'd sooner be a Sunday-off waiter at Brighton than up the river for the season."

"A Sunday-off——?"

"Yessir. I've done that a good deal. It's when you're employed at a restaurant which doesn't open on Sundays in London. And then you take the Sunday off at the seaside or wherenot. Brighton was the place I used always to select. It seems only the other day that I was waitin' at Brighton on

Colonel North. A free-'anded gentleman he was too, and very good to the pore so I have heard. Ah well! we're here to-day and to-morrow we're snuffed!"

"That seems a rather profitable occupation, Henry?"

"Not so very," responded Henry, "unless, as sometimes will 'appen, the hotel pays your fare down; for otherwise the fare makes a big hole in seven-and-six and your meals, which is the customary remuneration."



I believe that if I had asked he would have been glad to tell me what his wage was as a season waiter : but this he did not have the opportunity to do. However, I believe that it is usually about twenty shillings a week with tips, which are, as you might say, mixed.

#### THE MAN WITH THE PUNTS.

Parker is the man who looks after my punt, and Parker is in such a state of chronic uncertainty about everything that it never has occurred to me that his information about anything was of real value. However, he can punt beautifully, and in the days when my own exploits with the punt were of a character more eventful than satisfactory, his hints used to be of a great deal of assistance to me. Parker goes up to London once a year, on the annual beanfeast which Mr. Matt Stretcher (the boat-builder) gives his employes ; and he assures me that he always catches cold. London is so full of draughts, he says ; the river is the only healthy place. London people he thinks very little of, especially the cheap tripper : and he told me of a neat little device contrived for the undoing of the Bank holiday-maker.

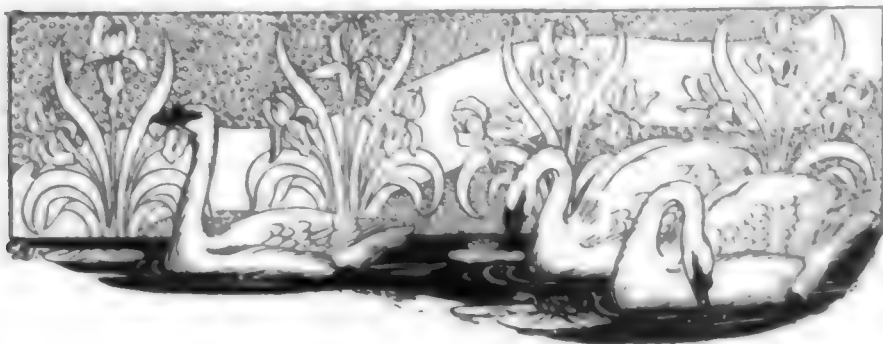
"When they come to hire a boat on Bank holiday," he observed, "we always point the nose of the boat down stream, and tell 'em that's the best way to go, because the scenery's prettier. So being fresh, off they starts in fine style, layin' themselves down to it, and quite pleased to see how they can make the boat go. And when they've bin going about a hour out of their two, they begin to think that it's about time to turn back. And then, lo and behold ! they begin to find that it's hard work ; and so what with getting

into difficulties rowing against stream and one thing and another, they're lucky if they get back inside of the fourth hour instead of two."

The other things upon which Parker's advice is occasionally useful, if one did not suspect its disinterestedness, is upon buying a punt.

"You don't want to buy a punt at the beginning of the season," he told me, "what you want to do is to get one at the end : and then, partly because people 'ave 'ad enough of the river, and partly because they're not quite sure if they'll want the punt next year, and partly because they don't want to pay housing it during the winter. You can get as good a punt as ever you want for about £7 to £11. Whereas if you buy one or order one in May you'll pay as much as £16 to £20. If you 'ave everything complete it'll run up to £30."

I suggested that what with the charges for poles 15s., back boards 12s., a paddle 10s., varnishing each year 30s., housing in winter £1 1s., keeping in summer £2 2s., monogram painting afresh 2s. 6d., tips to Parker (which I didn't like to mention), that the boat-building trade made a good thing out of punts, and that about the best thing the economical man could do was to hire a punt. But upon this point Parker was loyally reticent : and it is only in an unguarded moment that I expect ever to get him to admit that the punter on the Thames, as upon the turf, is the pigeon to be plucked. But once Parker did admit that punts "was, on the whole, very dear" ; and incidentally he remarked that punting developed only the muscles of the fore-arm—at the expense of the others.



# Spain's Premier Matadors.

WRITTEN BY S. L. BENSUSAN.

SOME few years back the matador was at once the most popular and the most despised of Spaniards. When he gaily led his cuadrilla into the arena the huge assemblage would shout to the echo, and when he escaped the bull's horns as by a miracle the applause would be renewed, while after a clever kill presents of all sorts would be literally showered upon him. But if caught by the bull he would be taken out to die like a dog; the Church would not attend him, and the fight would be postponed merely until another man could take his place. To-day there is an improvement in his condition. The large arena has always a little room

the fight he usually pays a brief visit to this apartment to invoke heavenly protection. Then he goes forth—to kill or to be killed.



LUIS MAZZANTINI

somewhere at the back, with a figure of the Virgin in a niche and ambulance appliances, where the wounded man has the services of doctor and priest. Before



RAFAEL GUERRA ("GUERRITA")

The life of the matador is strange as exciting. Often he begins his career in the matadero, as the slaughter-house is called, and sometimes he is trained in the Bull-fighting School of Seville, where, if I mistake not, the veteran Gordito still trains the Andalusian youth. When the enthusiast is ready to try his luck he goes to some matador who cannot afford to support a regular cuadrilla and offers his services. For a few shillings he attends the arena in the humble capacity of capador or cloak thrower. He learns to temper courage with prudence, to master certain quick movements that baffle the bull, and to take hard knocks and occasional wounds with smiling face. Should he evince

special smartness, promotion to the ranks of the bandarilleros will follow, he will learn to put in the short sharp spears and to gauge the exact angle whereat to meet the beast and yet avoid his charge. After this he will one day seek an engagement as matador in some second-rate ring and will kill the young bulls. Long practice alone will teach him to become an expert in the use of the muleta and to reach the vital spot behind the bull's left horn with his long keen sword. If he be really expert, his work may attract the attention of one of the great critics of tauromachy, like Don Sanchez de Neira, and then the larger rings will give him engagements and he will be able to establish his own cuadrilla or company of fighters, including capadors, picadors, and bandarilleros. Finally, after long years of work and danger, will come the glorious day when he will be admitted to kill bulls in first-class arenas

cuadrilla as bandarillero. When he has drawn the bull the veteran hands his sword to the youth who kills the animal and is ever after a first-class fighter. His purse swells—his head follows suit.



ANTONIO REVERTE

like those of Madrid, Seville, and Barcelona. The ceremony is called the alternativa. One of the leading matadors allows the aspirant to fight in his



EMILIO TORRES ("BOMBITA")

Don Luis Mazzantini and Rafael Guerra, who is known to the public as "Guerrita," are the premier matadors of Spain. Don Luis is a gentleman, a Doctor of Laws, and one of the most expert killers in his country. Moreover, he is a humane man; he delights not in the torture of horses, and the puntillero is ordered to kill all wounded animals. Other diestros permit the picadors to use an injured horse for two or three fights till the wretched beast gets the coup de grace from the bull's horns. Mazzantini, who appears mostly at Madrid, is wealthy, but he is not in such favour with the masses as he would be if he allowed more familiarities. Rafael Guerra is without doubt the most popular man in the country. Born in Cordova, where some say his father was master or manager of the cattle market, he rose quickly to eminence by his extraordinary feats as bandarillero. He has

a keen eye and an iron nerve; face to face with him the fiercest bull in Spain has no chance. Divining as though by instinct every impending movement of his opponent, "Guerrita" seems to play with his victim, and is rarely compelled to strike twice. His energy is extraordinary. I have known him to take part in three fights in a single day, and to kill three bulls at each encounter. The

he was an occasional visitor to the arenas at Nîmes, Dax and Arles before the French Government prohibited bull-fighting. Emilio Torres, "Bombita," is a handsome fellow, skilful and daring; but I shall not be surprised to hear of his death, for at times he is exceeding rash. So is little Vargas, "Minuto," who makes up in valour what he lacks in inches, and often seems unable to reach



ENRIQUE VARGAS ("MINUTO")



ANTONIO FUENTES

season in Spain does not last more than six months, and during that time "Guerrita's" earnings cannot fall far short of a hundred thousand pounds. He is a disagreeable man to meet, for he has more money than modesty; but in the ring he is supreme. Reverte is a fine fighter, who, when I last saw him, was lame through an accident in the arena. His fame has extended to Portugal, where the aficionados welcome him, and

his bull. He cannot be much more than five feet high. Fuentes is a pleasant fellow to look at when he is not trying to kill. I have seen him fight with "Guerrita" in Seville, but I cannot deem him a first-class man. Of the habits of the matador, of his elaborate costume, of his success in love as in war, of the caf  s he frequents, and of the company he keeps, I have the will but not the space to write.

# *The Woman that Waited.*

BY BARRY PAIN.

## *DIALECTS ARE CHEAP TO-DAY.*

**I**N one of those grass-grown American islands off the coast of Scotland, where the Irish breezes blow, and the native Somersetshire cider moistens the throat of the aboriginal Cockney—in one, but not more, of those islands sat an old woman. She sat on the grass; there was nothing else to sit on.

She was waiting for her son to come back. That was all.

A great lithe girl came spanking along through the grass towards her. The girl had been busy picking morning glories and shamrocks in the kail-yard. It was hard and trying work—a man's work really. It was also a man's kail-yard, but the man was away at the time, and she was one of those great brown creatures that take things. She stood looking at the woman in her little old patient brown dress. The girl's glorious semi-circular smile lit up the landscape.

"Blimey, auld mither," she observed, "but this be vine doin's, zims me, settin' an' settin' hall the bloomin' dye. Will ye no be takin' of a bite o' shamrock an' a drink o' the butter-milk the mornin'?"

"Nary shamrock," said the old woman, shaking her head, "nor almond-rock, nor hany hother sorter rock. Gin ye speir. I beant. I'se gwine ter set." She paused, and then with that almost cosmopolitan impartiality so common in these simple folks, she added, "Begorra!"

Not one word had she said of that son for whose return she was waiting. She would not seem to be blaming him, nor let others blame him. One finds this stern reticence in aged peasants. They break their hearts, and say nothing. At any rate, they wrap their remarks in the decent obscurity of a dialect.

The girl was a little surprised. "Wal, I shud smile!" she exclaimed.

"O, but yer shouldn't!" replied the old woman. "With a mouth like thet smilin' is horf, mavourneen."

Perhaps the same thought had occurred to the girl. She let the smile fall

to the ground with a heavy thud. Then she leaped over a bonnie brier-bush and went away. She had nowhere else to go.

Once more the old woman was alone. Before her, the great lazy sea stretched and yawned. Nature is curiously rude. Where was her son? Why did he not come back? It was cruel. But she still waited.

An old man, bent and wrinkled, came up to her and observed, "Aroon, aroon!"

"Quite so," she replied, patiently.

"They'll be houldin' of the fair up beyont," he said. "Vine junketin's, an' don't yer forget it. Thur's swings an' gingerbread and arl the luckshries."

"Hoots, mon!" she replied.

"But if not," he suggested.

"Aiblinks, I'm not fer tikin' any."

The old man shook his head. Then in a fit of irritation he shook her head as well. It may have been that he did not understand the word aiblinks. But she persisted.

"I wunna. Nay, mon, but shure and it's myself that cunna gang wi' ye the morn. I calkerlate I've gort an' appointment 'ere, and cawn't quit it."

"My gentle doo!" exclaimed the old man.

But invective would not move her. "Lemme be," she said.

He lem'd her be, and wandered off to his pleasure-making. Nothing could tempt her away. It seems a little thing to make a story of the love and patience of a poor old woman. Those who prefer excitement and adventure may think it wanting in incident. It is; but it is singularly rich in dialect.

Evening drew on. The sky was glorious with local colour, as though dead novelists had spilled their notebooks over the western clouds. One of the old woman's large, useful feet had pins-and-needles in it. She raised it and beat it regularly against an adjoining rock. It did not stop the tingling sensation, but it did break the rock.

She still sat there. Why did he not



come? Two paroquets and a hen-plover flapped lazily past on their homeward way. The milkmaid drove a herd of Irish bulls along the dusty road to the comfortable pig-styes where they would nest by night. The great lithe girl was asleep, and the old man was drunk, but the little old woman still waited—waited for her son.

And she had no one left whom to let off her rich excessive dialect. Sooner than waste it, she soliloquized :

"Och, the spalpeen! Fwhat's the matther wid 'im? Is ut alone that he'd be lavin' of me. Zims like, it du. I'll pye 'im fur this, I sergaisuate."

Why did he not come back? Had he lost the return-half of his ticket? No. Were a few harsh words, spoken after all half in jest, to part mother and son for

ever? Probably not. Her son did not return, because she had not, and never had had a son. I feel almost as if I ought to have mentioned this before. However, I make no secret of it now. She had no son, but she had thirteen daughters. In this, perhaps, she was right. Daughters cost less and look nicer.

It may be urged that it was wrong, however, for her to wait for her son's return, when she had not any son. Well, she was only a poor, simple peasant woman, and her mind had gone. I own it would have been fairer to have said at the start that her mind had gone. However, I make no further mystery about it. And, if you ask me why her mind had gone, I remind you that she had thirteen daughters



BETWEEN TWO FIRES

Drawn by R. Bosc



MRS. BEERBOHM TREE  
From a photograph by W. and D. Downey

## *"My First Appearance."*

BY PERCY CROSS STANDING.

### II.—MRS. BEERBOHM TREE.

"IF only mamma wouldn't go to rehearsal so often, but would stay and play in the square with me!" said Mrs. Beerbohm Tree's little daughter Viola, wistfully. Such sayings must remind Mrs. Tree of the days when she did not dream that she would ever live to be described as the first English actress—of the days when her time was certainly not severely taxed by the cares of rehearsal. For more

than one eminent and erudite critic does now signalise Mr. Herbert Beerbohm Tree's gifted wife as the foremost amongst living English actresses—not excepting Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Miss Kate Rorke, Miss Marion Terry, or Miss Winifred Emery.

It is a fact of very great interest, in the light of after-happenings, that the character which Mrs. Tree first essayed "on any stage"—Ophelia—remains her

favourite assumption. Miss Maud Holt, as she then was, first appeared in amateur theatricals, and amateur theatricals were the means of bringing her and Mr. Tree together. These performances took place at the London house of Lady Freake—Cromwell House—during Miss Maud Holt's academic career at the Queen's College in Harley Street. Her amateur "hit" was made, as I say, in *Hamlet*; but the Greek plays in which Lady Freake was so strongly interested likewise gave her a fine opportunity. Another successful assumption of hers at Lady Freake's house was Beatrice in *Much Ado about Nothing*.

Her first professional appearance was in *The Millionaire* at the Court Theatre. This took place under the late John Clayton's management—that inimitable Clayton of whom so many delightful stories are told, none more delightful than the one which concludes "I have read your play. . . . O, my dear sir!" Mrs. Tree luckily does not know what "stage-fright" is.

I remember asking her if she could recall any anecdotes connected with the acting of this first and favourite part of hers—Ophelia.

"That depends upon what you call a story," replied Mrs. Tree, laughingly. "During the run of *Hamlet* at the Haymarket no fewer than three serious fires took place on one and the same night!"

"Three fires!" I said, wonderingly. "Perhaps you will be good enough to explain yourself, Mrs. Tree?"

"Certainly. It is a great secret"—this with a smiling glance at her husband, who happened to be present—"but first of all Ophelia's hair caught fire, then Polonius's beard followed suit, and finally the Angelic Choir took fire!"

"The what took fire?"

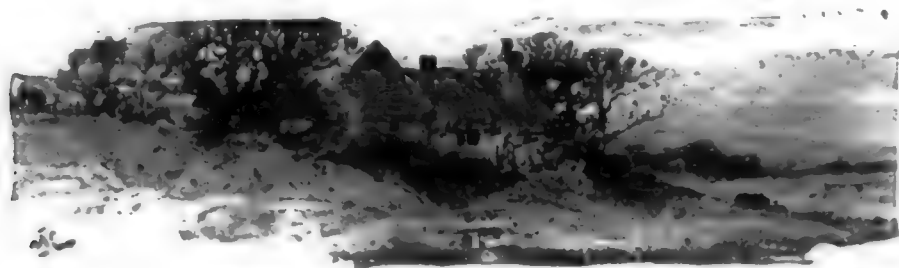
"The Angelic Choir, in *Hamlet*. O, I'm not going to let you into the secrets of stage management; but it is a fact,

nevertheless, and it might have been attended by serious consequences."

I must confess that I have not yet quite fathomed Mrs. Tree's meaning; but she doubtless alluded to the "Angelic Choir" who sing the dead Ophelia into what Ibsen calls "bright dreams." Mention of "choirs," whether angelic or otherwise, reminds me that Mrs. Tree has to sing in the character of Ophelia. She did this first of all at Lady Freake's house, and probably no Ophelia has scored such a vocal success.

To return to the subject of fires, a very disastrous "conflagration" occurred during the Haymarket Company's visit to the United States last year, when all the ladies' dresses were burnt up. Of course, Mrs. Tree generously came to the assistance of her colleagues, and helped them out with her own dresses. It was bitterly cold at the time—the Hudson River was grinding blocks of ice—and not long afterwards their train was snowed up for seven hours, causing the company to miss that night's performance at Washington.

As artistes, Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree are singularly alike in temperament. Both began as amateurs, and neither is ashamed to confess the fact. She bows with enthusiasm to his dictum that "art is the same in all ages, and Truth is its touchstone. It owes its birth to no canons; on the contrary, these are only discovered at its autopsy. The Venus of Milo, which is ever new, was evolved from no canons—it dictated them." Still more warmly does she agree with him that "it is the function of art to give light rather than darkness. Its teaching should not be to prove to us that we are descended from monkeys, but rather to remind us of our affinity with the angels. Its mission is not to lead us through the fogs of doubt into the bogs of despair, but rather to point, even in the twilight of a waning century, to the greater Light beyond."



# The Spawn OF FORTUNE.

BY ANGUS EVAN ABBOTT.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR JULE GOODMAN.



"I DON'T know much about firearms, so I would like you to pick me out what you consider a good weapon."

The salesman ran his eye along the rows of revolvers.

"This one I can recommend," he said. Its barrel glinted blue, its stock was pricked out in nickel, and its hammer filled a glittering cylinder like the nose of a ferret in a rat-hole.

"Ah, yes, that looks all right. Is it loaded? No. Kindly explain to me how the trick is done."

After he had seen the cartridges shoved into the chambers and had paid the price, Arther Brackenbridge slipped the weapon into his breast pocket, made his way along the Strand, and, turning sharply down Villiers Street, entered the underground station.

"Earl's Court, first return," he said at the pigeon-hole, but he hastily corrected himself. "No, not return, single I mean. Earl's Court, first single."

He pocketed the ticket, grinning ruefully as he said to himself, "The return will be a free journey this time, I imagine." Half-way down the dirty stairs that lead to the platform he suddenly paused.

"What in the world possessed me to take a first? Third would have done me quite as well. What an ass I am to-day. Ah,

well, I have lived in this world first-class, and may as well go out of it first-class."

A few waiting passengers sauntered up and down the platform. Smoke hung in fantastic blue whiffs, writhing and twisting and swirling lazily towards the roof, and the gas burned yellow in the great glass globes that hung above

the footway. The ticket inspector at the foot of the stairs, his punch dangling to his fingers, carried on a flirtation with a buxom wench of serving-maid class.

"Besides, it will look better on the evening paper bill. 'Suicide in a Third-class Underground' seems cheap. Few persons of class enter the underground, and none travels third. Substitute 'first' for 'third,' and, well—it should make a rather taking bill, you know."

At this point in his soliloquy Arthur Brackenbridge became aware of a curious growling rumble that rapidly grew into a roar, and as if in fear of this ominous sound the black tunnel began to vomit smoke that gushed out in a dense cloud-bank. At last two yellow eyes trembled and blinked in the darkness, and the next instant a Richmond train came wheezing, rocking, screeching, and grinding out of the blackness, and stopped with a jerk at the platform. Brackenbridge ran nimbly along the carriages and jumped into the first empty compartment. Placing his hat in the rack, he let down the window and stuck his head far out, as though looking for a friend—a trick much resorted to by lovers and school-boys, who wish a compartment to themselves. On this occasion, however, the stratagem was unavailing. At the moment the train was about to move on a brawny man rushed past the ticket inspector, and, grasping the handle of the door, gave it such a lightning-like twist and pull that had Brackenbridge not drawn in his head with rapidity he must have found himself at full length on the platform. Without one word of apology the stranger shut the door with a bang, and flung himself into a corner, never once glancing at the young man, who stood in the middle of the compartment looking the anger he felt. To Arthur Brackenbridge's way of thinking, the entrance of this stranger was abrupt to an uncalled-for degree, and the thought of how narrowly he had escaped being flung out of the carriage determined him to remonstrate. So he opened by saying in his decided manner, emphasised by the anger that was in him:

"My seat, sir."

The stranger glanced up; his eyes were bloodshot, and his features set and hard. He said nothing, however, and sat tight.

"My seat, sir."

This time the stranger did not even condescend so much as a glance.

"For the third time, I tell you that you are in my seat. If you doubt me, my hat on the rack above will prove what I say."

Without a word the fellow flung himself into the opposite corner.

"Gad, he's a cool customer," Arthur muttered as he took the seat vacated by the stranger.

The man sat, or rather lay along the cushion, his two hands deep into his trousers' pockets and his eyes fixed on his foot as it rose and fell to the rocking of the carriage. He was a man passed middle life, fairly well dressed, and sturdily built.

"I'll startle this cold-blooded fellow before I'm through with him," Arthur Brackenbridge thought. Leaning forward he addressed the sullen man:

"I would like you to change compartments at the next station."

The man stared angrily at the speaker.

"And I shall do nothing of the kind," he replied decisively.

"I advise you, sir, for your own comfort, to change."

"I look after my comfort without assistance from others. I shall not change."

"As you please," Brackenbridge replied in a careless tone.

The train crunched, and ground, and shuddered and came to a standstill at Westminster Bridge. Arthur Brackenbridge spoke:

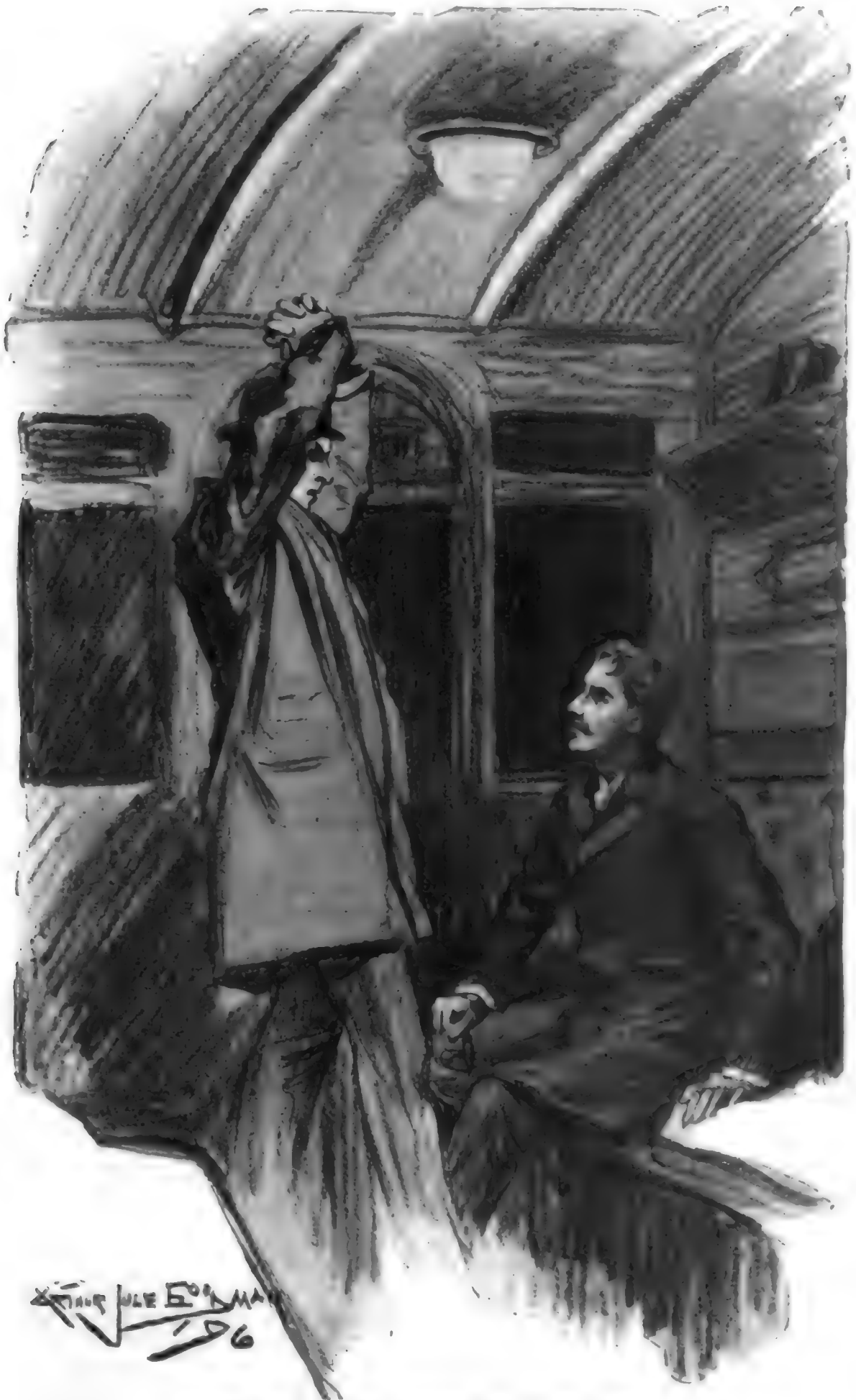
"Allow me, sir, to advise you again to change carriages. It will not put you to much trouble and may save you a lot. I speak in all good faith."

The heavy man ran his eye over the other, and there was unspeakable scorn in the glance. Then he again turned his attention to the dancing boot. When the train disappeared into the tunnel Arthur Brackenbridge sat up.

"As you have seen fit to disregard my advice, given, as I before said, in all good faith, I can only hope, sir, that you do not object to me committing suicide. I intend to blow my brains out before we reach St. James's Park Station."

The surly man leapt wildly to his feet. He threw open the carriage door and the roar of the tunnel drowned Brackenbridge's cry to "stay." Steam and smoke in a purple cloud, and sulphur smells belched in and filled the compartment. The younger man had grasped hold of the other's arm. At last the door was





WILLIAM LEITCH  
1906

"THE MAN LEAPT WILDLY TO HIS FEET"

shut and the two stood facing each other. Brackenbridge grinned.

"I gave you fair warning. It crossed my mind that you might prefer to be elsewhere——"

"What do you mean? You are not going to kill yourself?"

"Ah, but I am."

"Good Heavens, man, you're crazy!"

"You speak like a coroner's jury, sir. As a matter of truth and of fact I am not crazy, but I'm terribly sane, which, as far as I can make out, amounts to pretty much the same thing in this world. It is only the insane that would try to live after the events of this awful day. I'm too sane to attempt to do so."

The elder glowered into the eyes of the younger. He was much the taller of the two and had to stoop low.

"Whom have you done for?" he asked abruptly.

"What do you mean?" The young man felt a trifle uneasy under the other's bloodshot eyes.

"Whom have you made away with? What did he do to you to make you do the deed?"

The fellow stepped hurriedly back into the corner and looked about him as though he feared he had been overheard. Arthur Brackenbridge blurted out:

"What the deuce do you mean, sir. 'Done for?' 'Made away with?' What an idea! You're crazy now, instead of me. It is I have been murdered, foully and brutally murdered. Yes, sir, twice this day. But here we are at St. James's and the little affair not done. I trust to your honour not to say a word to the guard, for as sure as he comes for me I shall fire and in my hurry may make a mess of it, you know. Now, out you get, that's a good fellow, and God bless you, sir. For some reason quite unexplainable I wish to be alone when, when—well, Good-bye."

The surly man stepped out, walked a dozen feet towards the exit, paused for a second or so, and then hurriedly retraced his steps, entered the compartment and shut the door after him.

"No, may I be hanged if I leave you."

Brackenbridge sat wearily back in the cushions. The stranger stood looking down upon him.

"Postpone the deed for just one station more. I want to speak with you. May I?"

Brackenbridge nodded an enforced affirmation, and the heavy man seating himself; a silence followed. At length the stranger said:

"There is but one crime in the long calendar the devil has prepared for us that warrants a man taking his life."

"Yes? What crime is that, may I ask?"

"Murder."

"My dear sir," said Brackenbridge sitting up, and speaking with animation, "My dear sir, a murderer has no need to kill himself."

"You mean Society will do the job for him?"

"Not at all, I mean quite a different thing. A murderer dies the instant his victim dies."

"O! indeed, I did not know that."

"It is so, nevertheless. A murderer may walk about, and be to all outward appearances alive, but, as a matter of fact, he is as dead as Pharaoh. His hold on the world is relaxed. His self-respect is dead, his manliness is dead, his liberty is dead; his ease of mind has been slain by the selfsame blow that slew his victim; everything that constitutes life is slain, and lies dead within him, a rubbish heap with his heart, a core of hateful fire smouldering beneath it all. Breathing, working, walking, talking, seeing—all such things are but the incidents of life. A life of falsehood and subterfuge, of wildly fleeing from a consequence, is death in its most awful form." Brackenbridge spoke rapidly and with bitter vehemence. "I tell you," he continued, "murder changes a man from a living being to a craven coward, a coward who fears to live, and fears to die."

The heavy man sat in silence for some moments.

"It seems to me," he said at length, "that one who contemplates suicide is a still more deplorable creature than a murderer."

"I don't see matters in that light at all."

"Well, I think you will agree that one who has committed murder may, at least, be presumed to have been brave at the moment of the deed."

"I suppose there is something uncanny about taking human life that demands valour of one kind or another," assented Brackenbridge.

"But with suicide it is altogether

different," continued the stranger. "The actuating impulse is cowardice, pure and simple, a weak determination to escape threatened or present pains of body or of mind. But I maintain that to deliberately, with premeditation, slay a fellow-man calls forth one glorious outburst of manhood, one period of physical triumph, of mental exultation, ineffable, supreme; a moment when a man's feet are on the spheres, when his head is ablaze in the sun, his soul is a great licking, rolling crimson flame, and his arms are reached down through endless space to the spinning world, and his fingers creep among the crowd to clutch his shrieking victim, clutch him, and roll him in the palms, crush his bones, squeeze him, crunch him, and roll him again and again, and work him gradually, gloatingly, towards the finger-tips to hurl him, a pulpy mass, into space and everlasting blackness. Ah! I call that a supreme moment, when the crimson flame of soul-fire leaps through the smoke-clouds of a smouldering life to the very sky!"

The stranger had started to his feet, his eyes great and full of fire, his hands clinched above his head. Whirling round and facing Arthur Brackenbridge he demanded:

"Why would you kill yourself?"

"I have lost my fortune, and ——"

"What is that? You talk of cowards! I thought you valiant, you thought yourself so! Bah! why waste good powder and ball. You fear to live because, perchance, your circumstances may not be quite so pleasant as formerly. Sordid coward."

"It's not altogether a matter of money," faltered the young man. The stranger kept his eyes fixed upon him. "There's a warrant ——"

"Then you are a criminal?"

"No, I am not."

"Why the warrant?"

"My partner has landed us both in fraudulent bankruptcy ——"

"Are you innocent?"

"Absolutely."

"And you fear?"

"Well, there is as much shame as fear ——"

"You are vain as well as a coward."

"To be the principal in a criminal trial is no pleasant experience; at least, so I gather from the newspapers."

The heavy man sat down again and gazed at Brackenbridge contemptuously.

"Young man, what a craven you would have me believe you. Your cowardice is so great that you are willing to stamp yourself guilty by self-murder rather than face your accusers and confound them. On my soul I am surprised you ventured out alone to kill yourself. I should have thought you would have implored some one to come with you while you took the leap into the dark. Why were you given youth, strength, health, good strong arms and sound heart if they were not intended to overcome obstacles? Think! would it not be greater far to step out before the world and say 'Here am I an honest man: where are my accusers?' rather than to lie on the floor of a railway carriage with a wreath of powder-smoke for a crown?"

"Yes, but you see, my dear sir, to-day there has been a focussing of all that is unfortunate for me. My whole fortune is gone, the fact that it has been lost causes the police to 'want' me, and the fact that the police 'want' me has lost me——well——"

"Out with it! Lost you what?"

Arthur Brackenbridge did not intend to say more, but the stranger's commanding gaze and imperative question left him powerless to resist. At every station he prayed that some one would enter the compartment, but the Underground is a contrary line. No one disturbed them.

"What else have you lost?" demanded the heavy man.

"Well, to 'out with it' as you ask—the girl to whom I am engaged—or was."

The stranger threw back his head and burst into a loud fit of laughter, laughter wherein there was no ghost of a trace of mirth. Brackenbridge felt indignant at the sarcastic levity of his new found combatant, but said nothing.

"Girl," the heavy man shouted. "Fine girl, indeed, that will break her promise because you've lost a pound. She gave you her word and now tells you to your face that she will not keep it."

"She has not. I tell you she——"

"But you have just this minute said she told you to go about your business——"

"I said nothing of the sort."

"Then how know you that you have lost her?"

Brackenbridge was silent.



"THE GUARDS WERE LIFTING THE CORPSE"

"Let us be honest one to the other. Answer me: How know you?"

"Her guardian, her aunt, told me."

"My young friend, take the advice of one who has seen, experienced, learned. Have no dealings with a woman through a woman—never. Give me that revolver you have in your breast pocket."

The revolver was weakly passed over.

"Now we are coming to Earl's Court Station. Get out; be a man; walk up to the first policeman you meet—or, better still, hail a hansom and tell cabby to drive to the nearest police-station. Say to the Inspector: 'I hear there is a warrant out for me. I have come to give myself up, if you want me.'"

"By George! I don't like to do it, you know, I swear I don't; but I suppose your advice is good. I must say I do not fancy passing through the machinery of justice—the stinking police-cells, the stinking police-court, and maybe the stinking Old Bailey and the stinking Holloway as well. I don't like the idea, I say."

"Nonsense. I have little doubt that you'll find the plank bed in the cells more entertaining at least than the stone slab of the morgue."

"Don't speak of it, sir; not another word. I hadn't thought of that, 'pon my soul I hadn't. You make my flesh creep."

The stranger grinned for the first time. Arthur Brackenbridge reached for his hat and reluctantly left the carriage. He stood for a moment, his back to the compartment and his hand still on the door. Turning, he said:

"Yes, you're right. I'll do it; I'll give myself up and see what becomes of me. My name is Brackenbridge; you will, without a doubt, see it appear often enough in the newspapers during the next month or so. But, whatever becomes of me, you, sir, have saved my life. Whether you have done me a good turn or an evil one has yet to be seen; but to-night at least I am grateful, very

grateful. That slab keeps recurring to my mind, you know, and—well, good-bye, my friend, and God bless you, sir, God bless you!"

The two men clasped hands, gazing into one another's face earnestly and long. The train started with its usual wracking jerk.

The heavy man sat huddled in the corner, his brows contracted, arms folded, and his eyes fixed on his dancing foot. The train arrived at and departed from West Kensington station. He slipped his hand into his breast pocket, and slowly drew forth the revolver. The muzzle smelt blood; it looked blood. Without one glance at the weapon, but handling it as a usurer handles a gold ornament, he muttered:

"Taken one life, saved one life. Surely the one should balance the other. But he says: 'No; not one life, but two you have taken—two! two! your victim's and your own.' I believe he is as right in my case as I was in his, and the balance is against me, against me—hopelessly against me; against me now and for all eternity. He said to me: 'God bless you, sir!' I think that is of good omen. He is the last I shall meet on this earth, and he said 'God bless you, sir!'"

With his thumb he drew back the hammer of the weapon until it "clicked" twice.

"I may as well end my flight by instantaneously putting myself out of reach of my pursuers; and it is better that I do it with the young man's words ringing in my ears. He was flying to his death; I from mine. He found life; I find——"

At Hammersmith station the travellers by the train gathered round the compartment, to stand tip-toe and peer into it while the guards were lifting the corpse up from its sorrowful collapse; and next morning's papers contained the news of the suicide of the Gray's Inn murderer and the arrest of Arthur Brackenbridge.





## The Dead Geisha.

HERE she lies, where all must come,  
She that was Chrysanthemum.

Flag-flowers curtsey to the sun,  
But her dancing days are done.

All around, her namesakes bold  
Flaunt in purple, white and gold—

Life lacks naught of loveliness,  
One Chrysanthemum the less.

Eyes as dark as indigo  
Now a deeper darkness know :

Little hands and dancing feet  
Find their fill of slumber sweet.

Tulip and anemone  
Speak the whitest dreams that she

Knoweth now beneath the grass :  
Cherry-blossoms bloom and pass—

To the dust the snowdrops come ;  
Even so Chrysanthemum.

NORA HOPPER.

*Paris Statues.*

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L—JEANNE D'ARC

THE YOUNG JUGGLER

FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY T. E. COLE

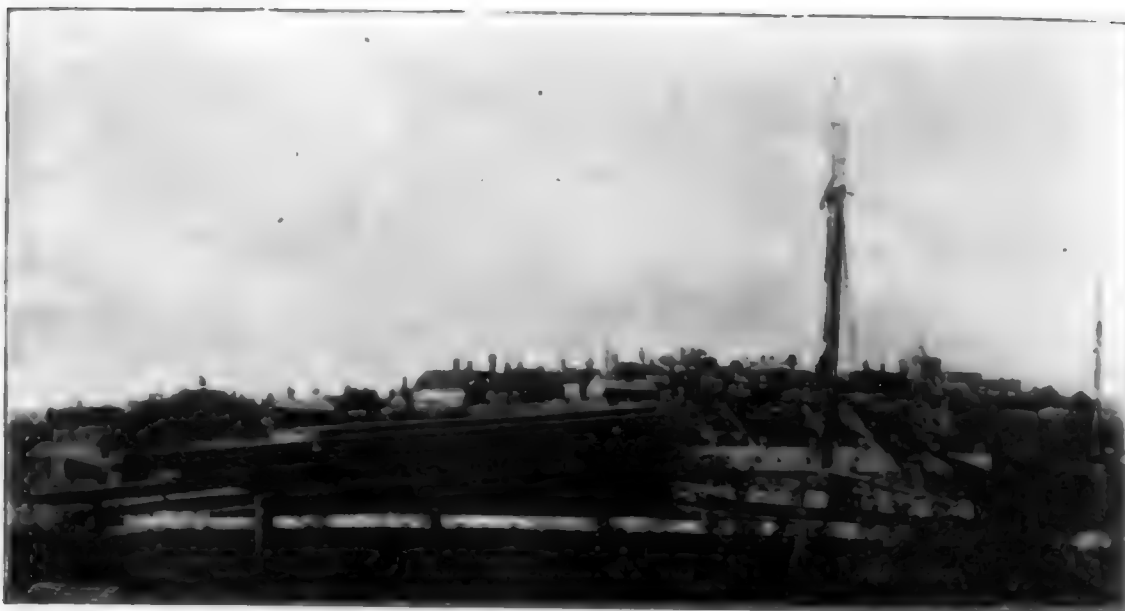




TWO!



THREE!



RYE FROM THE MILITARY CANAL

## *Relics of the Past.*

BY MURIEL BABINGTON-BRIGHT.

**I**T was a breathlessly hot morning. The breakfast table of the select St. Leonards boarding-house was filled with a conglomerate assemblage: charming individually, I doubt not, but uninteresting in the aggregate. The sun beat fiercely through the windows, ever shut because the Rector's adopted mother feared draughts. The atmosphere was heavy with a co-mingled odour of tea, coffee, bacon, fish and sausages. A stray bee that had been touring distractedly amid artificial bouquets on the board, buzzed angrily against the glass in search of release. On the other side of the table sat the professional joker, and on his right the wife of his bosom complacently posed as sole owner of the funny man.

"Have some tea, do," he said to the pretty girl on his left, whom his facetious remarks had kept a-giggle throughout the meal.

"No, thank you.. I've just had coffee."

"Of course, that's the reason why you should have tea now. Awfully nice change. And you came here for change, didn't you?"

Like the bee, I fretted for a purer, freer air, but outside there were merely the crowded esplanade and the noisy beach. The voice of the Man from Luton broke pleasantly on my ear.

"Winchelsea? O, it's quite a forgotten place. No one ever goes there now."

Here then was the haven I sought. Enquiry elicited the information that Winchelsea was nine miles east of Hastings, and that frequent trains stopped within less than a mile of it. An hour later Babs and I alighted at the quiet wayside station, and following the few travellers, sauntered contentedly towards the old "city set on a hill." The nervous irritation produced by the heat and dust of Hastings vanished in the soothing quietude. The vision of cool, green meadows dotted with placid sheep refreshed our eyes. Our spirits rose as by magic, and our hearts were filled with gladness as our hands with flowers.

Climbing the wooded steep, and passing through the Pipewell Gate, we entered the town of Winchelsea: and we paused to admire the magnificent view over the marshes to red-roofed Rye on her rocky throne. A mile or so to the south glistened the blue of the Channel. Standing with what Wesley viciously styled the "poor skeleton of Ancient Winchelsea" behind us, and looking across marshland that seemed to have existed from the beginning, it was hard to realise the changes wrought by time and tide. The original Winchelsea (thus the harmless, necessary guide-



book), an important maritime town, covered a low flat island three miles E.S.E. of the town's present site. In the Thirteenth Century a storm swept away three hundred houses and several churches. Deeming the position untenable, Edward I. granted a site on the

the crag whereon the town is perched; and on that day the air was fragrant with the smell of fruit, and with the perfume of flowers. The beauty and seclusion of Winchelsea charmed us, as it must ever attract all lovers of nature, and we hastened back to St. Leonards for



OLD ROMAN GATE, WINCHELSEA

summit of a high sandstone cliff. The new city was still a-building, when a second hurricane demolished the last vestige of the old. The sea has retreated far from Winchelsea. Perhaps she retired in dudgeon at the distrust evinced in placing the town above her reach, and you marvel to recall that ships rocked at anchor in the harbour under the Strand Gate. Prolific orchards girdle

our luggage, while next day saw us lunching in a quiet lodging in the ancient town.

Our rooms were hard by the fine old church, that standing in a large square burial place, occupies the centre of the town. The choir and chancel still remain; and their dimensions, together with the size of the portions of the central piers, afford some idea of the vast



WINCHELSEA CHURCH

proportions of the fane. At the time of our visit a godless white owl nested among the ivy mantling the church walls. Our latticed casements overlooked the city of the dead, and, when at even-song the light streamed through the windows, and the soft drone of the organ reverberated through the air, it was

weirdly grotesque to see the bird of night silhouetted against the star-lit sky, hooting as though he were some evil spirit impotently cursing the worshippers within. On the north side of the graveyard flourishes the tree under whose shade Wesley preached his last open-air sermon.



THE WESLEY TREE

The Strand Gate holds the cliff sloping towards the sea, and just above its battlements nestles Miss Ellen Terry's cottage with a quaint conceit in antique wrought iron suspended from its walls. Miss Terry loves Winchelsea, you are told, and Winchelsea reciprocates the affection. It reveals its devotion by referring to her at all times and seasons.

"I'm sorry I can't show you a timetable, ma'am," says the obliging postmistress, "but Miss Ellen Terry has just got a loan of mine."

"This is Miss Terry's favourite carriage," says the owner of an equipage

fisher families these, London tramps rarely venturing so far as the Sussex coast.

In the gloaming Babs and I were wont to sit on the slope above the hop fields watching the weary pickers climbing slowly homewards. Picturesque figures, laden with many strange bundles—bearing, too, oddly-hued ancestral gamps, whose shade had protected the dozing babies from the heat. Further away the blue smoke told of the campers' preparation for their evening meal. Delightful walks abound near Winchelsea, and we roamed everywhere:



MISS ELLEN TERRY'S COTTAGE

drawn by a pony so mild-mannered that in derision we had christened him "Fiery." "She always hires it when she is here," adding, impressively and conclusively, "she was photographed in this trap, she was!"

Landward of Winchelsea stretch the hop fields, and the drowsy autumn days see the villagers busy among the balmy blossoms. The streets were deserted: old men and women, young folks, children, all spent the sunny hours over the binns, earning a trifle against the coming winter. An adjoining field was dotted with straw beehive-like tents for housing the hoppers from a distance. Sun-tanned

down the winding paths to the beach, by the coastguards' cottages, near the tumbledown martello tower (since blown up), where Babs paddled on a strip of sand and I gathered bunches of the yellow sea poppies. Or across the meadows to the noble ruins of Camber Castle, once an active factor in defending the coast from invasion, now stranded lonely amidst miles of sandy flats. Once we wandered by leafy lanes to the tiny, well-nigh deserted church of Udimore—an excursion memorable to Babs, for did we not lunch off biscuits and lemonade at a wayside inn, where downy chickens

picked the crumbs we dropped on the red brick floor, and, to crown our adventures, did we not ride home in the miller's van?

Our especial treat, however, was a visit to Rye—once the rival in importance to its neighbouring Cinque Port, Winchelsea, and still comparatively large

gathered sloes from the great trees, whose gnarled, mossy branches overhung the side path. On nearing Rye the road bends to the Landgate Tower, the sole remainder of the three notable entrances through the ancient defences. The tower is in excellent preservation, and endows the street with exquisite old



THE LAND GATE AT RYE

and bustling. Rye, beloved of artists, likewise stands also on a height. The road between the two towns runs straight and white across the intervening meadows. As we drove thither we often alighted to pick from the hedgerows long festoons of white convolvulus and deadly-nightshade, with its royal purple flowers and brilliant berries, and "Fiery" contentedly munched the grass while we

world effects. Once Rye was an island, and could only be reached by water; now, though unlike Winchelsea, it retains a harbour. The sea is about two miles from the town. An exquisite view of Rye, and a favourite one with painters, is available from the military canal. Indeed, Rye, despite its high and dry position, still impresses you as being surrounded by water. For do not the



RYE CHURCH TOWER

Tillingham River and the River Rother and sundry canals encompass it? The Church, too, once, according to historians, "of wonderful beauty," is noteworthy, even after sack and siege. Most quaint among its many quaint properties is the pendulum of the antique clock obtruding through an aperture in the floor of the clock-tower, and swaying ceaselessly over the heads of the congregation. We could not help imagining how the

younger members of the flock, hypnotised by its perpetual motion, would sit fascinatingly gazing, forgetful of their responses.

Winchelsea and Rye may be skeletons now, mere ghosts of their former selves; but, search the world over, you will find no better places for a restful holiday. Let us trust that no great influx of sojourners will spoil their special charm. For the admirable photographs illustrating this article I am indebted to the Rev. Edward Husband, incumbent of St. Michael's, Folkestone.



THE CANAL AT RYE



## The Fashions of the Month.

IF the weather has been hotter than usual in England these last few years, it is at least satisfactory that so many charming thin materials have been prepared for wear. Muslins of all kinds are still in favour, but the flowered variety of yester-year are less worn than the plain. Spotted muslins in white and cream and tan are all in use, and a fine plain book muslin is high in favour. Tan muslins mounted on pink silk, with their frillings edged with narrow white valenciennes lace, look well; while white muslins, though often trimmed with butter-coloured lace, look best with white. No more charming costume could be devised than one I saw in the Park the other evening. It was of fine plain white muslin full and soft in the skirt, with a wide soft frill edged with narrow white lace. A frilled muslin fichu, wide transparent bishop's sleeves, a huge white hat with feathers above and below the brim tipped in the true Gainsborough style, completed the costume. The only touch of colour was a sash of pale blue gauze ribbon faintly imprinted with a pattern of rosebuds. Book muslins trimmed with embroidery are also pretty. One with a band of primroses heading the flounce of the skirt, mounted on white silk and with a bodice of primrose silk muslin over white silk, toned down by a zouave of tucked white silk, was deliciously cool looking. A yellow Panama hat trimmed with yellow tulle set in a box-pleat round the crown, and held in place by a band of wheat green velvet, and having a triplet of soft yellow plumes at one side, toned admirably with this gown.

Grass lawns suffer from their own popularity. They are reproduced so cheaply now that only the fine embroidered ones retain distinction. One with a good deal of cut-out work on it and a pattern of small petunias embroidered all over it is good, and mounted on petunia silk with petunia

ribbons at waist and neck, makes a rich and decorous looking costume. Of the cheaper ones it is safer to avoid those striped with colours, as they are so frequently vulgarised. Occasionally, however, you see them successfully treated as in a grass lawn with a dark blue dot on it. This was worn with a bodice, but not sleeves, of cornflower blue silk and a dead white straw hat trimmed with white spotted net and a huge bunch of cornflowers. A zouave of Irish lace over the blue silk bodice helped to bring it into closer harmony with the skirt.

Foulards are still in favour, and the grey and white and black and white ones are cool of aspect. One made for Miss Mary Moore to wear in *The Sultan's Signature*, with a pattern of white lightning on a dove-grey ground, is demurely quakerish. Another produced for Ascot, with a black pattern on a white ground, and made with a bolero of white glacé silk, a big sash of white glacé silk ribbon, and worn with a big black hat trimmed with white plumes and white ribbon, was a very pleasant little study in black and white.

Blouses seem more diverse and wonderful every month. A beautiful one is made of yellow satin with a transparent white silk gauze over it. The gauze is put into a multitude of tiny tucks that form a yoke, and descend also in a box pleat both back and front. Each tiny tuck is edged with fine narrow butter-coloured lace. There are full elbow sleeves set into a plain band about two inches wide, and this band consists of horizontal tucks each edged with lace. The waist-band, on the other hand, consists of a succession of vertical tucks also lace-edged, and at the side there is a big bow and long ends of broad yellow satin ribbon edged on each side with the same narrow yellow lace.

For those that still prefer black gowns canvas and grenadine are always avail-

\* \* Patterns of the Costumes which appear in these pages will be forwarded by post direct from the Office of "THE LUDGATE," 34, Bouverie Street, on the following terms: Cape or Skirt, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Jacket or Bodice, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Whole Costume, 2s.; Do. (cut to measure), 2s. 6d. Full particulars for self-measurement and form of application will usually be found at end of book.



MUSLIN GOWN AT PETER ROBINSON'S, REGENT STREET

able, but they are usually mounted over a colour. A black checked grenadine mounted on pale green silk, with a pale green silk bodice veiled with white sprigged net, is a happy compromise between dark and light gowns. The sleeves are of grenadine, but over each falls a little round cape of pale green silk covered with white net and edged

with a tiny ruche of net. Another pretty black gown has a pleated bodice of pale pink chiffon with a bolero of Irish lace strewn with iridescent sequins over it. A tiny frill of the chiffon edges the bolero, and the sleeves of black canvas have bell-shaped cuffs slit up each side to reveal an inside ruffling of pink chiffon.



CYCLING DRESS

A vivid shade of rose pink in glacé silk is rather popular, and a pretty evening dress of it has novel double pinked ruche in two shades of pink round the hem. This ruche is set on a hem of black velvet that throws it into pretty relief. Bands of black velvet round the bust and waist accentuate

these, whilst short puff sleeves and a tiny vest of white tulle soften the contrasts of the dress. A lovely theatre cloak of this shade of silk has three tiers of little capelets on the shoulders that overlap each other like the scales of a fir-cone. Each capelet is lined with white satin and edged with narrow



BLUE SERGE GOWN

white lace. The whole cloak is also lined with white satin. Another lovely cape has graduated panels of fawn satin, each panel richly embroidered with a floral design in silks. Innumerable ruffings of black net, prettily-jetted, at once unite and divide the panels, and a

big ruche of black net goes round the hem. This cape is lined with pale pink satin.

Children's dress grows more lovely every year. A charming little damsel driving in the Park wore a white muslin striped with pale blue, and a big broad white hat with many white feathers



SPOTTED MUSLIN GOWN

on it. The soft full sleeves, the soft full bodice, and the exquisite delicacy and silkiness of the muslin—perhaps also the grace of the child-wearer herself—made the pretty dress seem like the downy plumage of a young bird. Another dainty girl-frock is of pale blue alpaca with a full bodice smocked about the neck, a wide sleeve smocked at the

wrist, and a short gored skirt that stands out with a certain modest smartness. For little girls to wear with light dresses nothing is neater than black clocked silk stockings, and neat black shoes with silver buckles and half high heels. White alpaca coats are pretty, and made with wide bishop sleeves set into a black velvet cuff, some black velvet round the





BOATING GOWN

neck, are nice, and, worn with a broad brimmed white chip hat trimmed with white plumes and a black velvet band, have as much distinction as becomes a child. White pique coats also look well, come well out of the laundry, and do not readily look crushed and soiled. Grass-lawn pinafore dresses worn over a yoke and sleeves of silk, are useful for every-

day wear. A grass-lawn striped with white, and worn with scarlet silk sleeves and yoke, is good, and, worn with a broad-brimmed Panama hat trimmed with red silk poppies and a little fawn tulle, makes a really picturesque little costume.

The brighter your parasol the more you will be noticed seems to be the

motto this year. One all red and yellow, like a miniature sunset, flashed along Rotten Row one day ; but in better taste was a sober white silk with a little demure embroidery between each rib. The frilled and fluffy ones are not so much in evidence, probably because they are so unprofitable, and distinction is sought rather in a costly handle than in an elaborate cover.

Hats continue to rest in tulle and

flowers, but the prettiest are the big white ones covered with white plumes —Gainsboroughs translated into white, so as to befit better a French canvas than Gainsboroughs with their rich autumnal schemes of colour. What with white muslins, white feathers, soft laces, and elaborate embroidery, Belgravia has lately been a fairyland of colour, and London seems at last to vie with Paris in brilliancy and gaiety.

